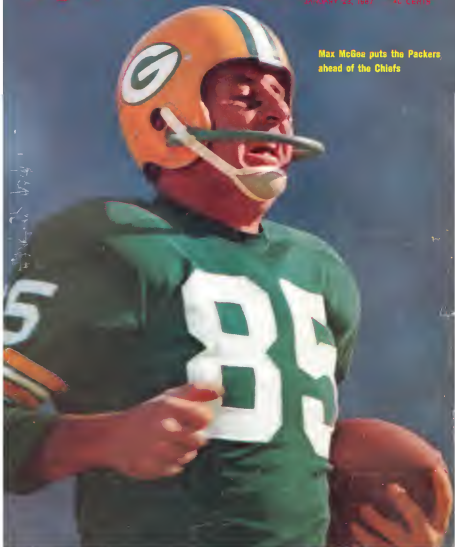


GREEN BAY ON TOP OF THE WORLD

Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 23, 1967 40 CENTS

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ahead of the Chiefs





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THE AMAZING RANGERS of New York have vaulted from collar to roof in hockey in a year. Pete Aschheim tells how, and the color camera focuses on Gothic Eddie Guzman.

ALONG JIM RYUN, relatively machine since the summer, returns to the wars in Los Angeles on Saturday night. A report on the race and the mile king's battle to get back into shape.

BESTSELLING AUTHOR George Plimpton, who as Zoo of the Detroit Lions tried his hand at pro football, now recounts his three agonizing weeks on the pro golf tour.



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"There was not a part of my body that was not welled black, blue and purple. I was dragged on my stomach, on my sides and on my knees, for what must eventually have totaled several miles over snow, ice, the rollercoaster ruts of snowmobile tracks, through thickets and brush piles. I was flung against fences, full force into trees, flamboyantly into snowdrifts. But I never once let go of the sled."

That, says Virginia Kraft on page 54, was the painful story of her 10-day training session for the World Championship Sled Dog Race in Alaska, in which she competed. We usually consider it our job to report the major sporting events of the year, such as Sunday's Super Bowl, from the sidelines, getting as close to the action as possible, but not into it. Yet over the years our writers have competed in or at least sampled a number of sporting events that they would normally only be reporting. Staff members have played golf with Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus, run the 26 miles of the Boston Marathon, sailed as crew in the Trans-Pac race and completed Carroll Shelby's school for racing drivers. Miss Kraft's participation in last year's sled-dog championship is merely the latest example.

Well, not quite. Next week we will present still another. George Plimpton, who some years ago had a brief, inglorious fling as quarterback of the Detroit Lions (SI, Sept. 7, 1964) and whose series in this magazine was later expanded into the currently best-selling book, *Paper Lion*, is at it again, this time on the golf course. A year ago Plimpton was allowed to join the pro tour for three weeks. An 18-handicap player, Plimpton in less than a month managed to graze Bob Hope

with a wild shot in Hope's own tournament, disgraced the Japanese navy, tried putting with his eyes shut, got caught in an automatic sprinkler system and sliced his last shot of the tour into the deep desert. "A photographer took a picture of my difficulties in that forbidding terrain," Plimpton writes, "and it has a surreal quality, as if a golfer had been dropped by parachute with a club and a ball into the depths of the Mohave Desert to play himself back to civilization." You can read all about our Paper Palmer in a three-part series beginning next week.

Not all of our participation is at the championship level. Some of it is at sea level. Jack Olsen, who not long ago teamed with Senior Editor Ray Cave in a high-stake Las Vegas bridge tournament (SI, Nov. 14, 1966) and did remarkably well, has now completed a transatlantic cruise aboard the Queen Elizabeth, during which he attempted to win simultaneous championships in, as he puts it, "horse racing and deck tennis and shuffleboard and bridge and swimming and bingo and that shooting thing with the clay targets and Ping-Pong and squash and guessing games." His story will be published soon.

Incidentally, Olsen performed capably in his various shipboard competitions—we've always known he was one of the top 10 shuffleboard players on the staff—and he has a trophy to show for it: a combination fire-iron and shoehorn. Even Bart Starr hasn't got that.

Harry Velt

SCORECARD

THE ROAD TO THIBODAUX

A couple of weeks ago the NCAA put the University of South Carolina on two years, probation for recruiting and admissions violations and ruled the athletes involved ineligible. Although the NCAA didn't say who the athletes were, presumably one of them is Mike Grosso, the basketball player previously declared ineligible by the ACC (SI, Nov. 7, 1996). What the NCAA did say was that a prospective student athlete was admitted contrary to regular published entrance requirements and that his educational expenses were paid by a corporation upon which he was neither naturally nor legally dependent. This verbiage fits Grosso.

Grosso will quit South Carolina next month and transfer to a school where he will be eligible for the second half of the 1997-98 season. At week's end more than 50 schools had expressed an interest in Grosso. Among them are LSU, Florida State, Georgia, Western Kentucky, Tampa, Alabama and Nicholls State College in Thibodaux, La.

MONGRELS FOR PROGRESS

As has been extensively reported, to obtain medium-size dogs for laboratory use, medical researchers must purchase, from pounds, dogs of unknown genetic background, age and health—and ownership. The result is the costly use of many animals to obtain questionable data and, as an iniquitous corollary, dogsnapping.

But dogsnapping may soon be as obsolete as simony. The University of Oregon Medical School, with the support of the Ventura County (Calif.) Dog Fanatics Association, is breeding a dog specifically for use in gastric physiology, shock studies and organ transplantation. The Oregon researchers wanted a dog weighing 35 to 40 pounds with genetic uniformity, large litters, early maturity, stress resistance, short hair, light skin (for dermatology studies), a short or curly tail (for grooming and cage cleanli-

ness) and, moreover, a dog that was quiet, gentle and tractable.

They started out with Labradors. Unlike certain other breeds, Labs have been bred for strength, endurance, temperament, intelligence and tractability, as well as conformation. The Lab, however, barks and has a long tail. It was therefore crossbred with the Basenji, which doesn't bark and has a curly tail. To retain size, get curlier tails, broader chests and lighter skin, the Samoyed was introduced into the line. Lastly, the greyhound was added, mainly because it has large blood vessels, which are advantageous for medical research.

The puppies on the school's 180-acre farm near Portland are now in the fifth generation. They bark very infrequently, their hair is short, their skin fairly light, their tails are beginning to curl, and as Animal Care Director Allan Rogers says, "Their socialization with humans is good." Rogers hopes that in another four generations—or about six years from now—the new variety will be breeding relatively true.

The Ventura County Dog Fanatics Association has donated both funds and dogs. "I've had kooks and cranks ask me how I can do such a thing when I say I love dogs," says Jim Henderson, a professional handler and Basenji breeder, who is the VCDFA president. "It's because I do love my dogs that I can do such a thing."

BY THE THROAT

There's a commercial fisherman out of Clatskanie, Ore., Brian Davis by name, who can so faithfully reproduce the high-ball calls and feeding chuckle of wild ducks that he came within a quack of winning the World Duck Calling Championship, which was held last month in Stuttgart, Ark. The winner, by the margin of a single vote, was John Liston of Knoxville, Ill., who used a duck call.

So what did Davis use? Davis used his throat.

"I guess I was the first one to do throat

calling in the championship since 1942," he says. "But it was the same back there in Arkansas as it is everywhere. People think I've got something in my mouth."

However, Davis is at a loss to describe how he does it. "I got this doctor friend who specializes in noses and throats," he says. "He keeps telling me he'd sure like to operate on my throat and find out what's going on in there. But it's there, and I know what to do. If I get a really bad cold it might knock me out for four or five days, but I can call all day and never get hoarse. I had a cold before I went to Arkansas, or I think I might have done better. Besides, people scare me in those contests. You kind of choke up a bit, especially on the feed call."

FROM BELFRY TO BATHROOM

"Cranbrook and bats have been a thing for years now," says the fourth Earl of Cranbrook. Several years back the conservation-minded peer disproved the hairy old tale about bats getting tangled in ladies' tresses. Next he set to work on a code to protect bats. Now he has come up with a recipe for the ideal dinner for bats: equal parts of the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, cream cheese and banana, seasoned with a dash of salt.

Lord Cranbrook exercises his captive bats in the bathroom of his 19th-century



home, Great Glenham House in Suffolk. "I take them into the bathroom to fly because it is a low room and I can catch them," he says.

In the meantime, as chairman of the Federation of Zoological Gardens of Great Britain and Ireland, Lord Cranbrook is heading a movement to get more space for animals in 2008. He recommends a system of "approved zoos"

continued

—Quality Courts if you will, with Michelinlike stars for food that is "well prepared and well presented." Great Glemham House should rate three stars.

DECALCOMANIA MANIA

The newest forum for us Americans seems, somehow typically, to be the automobile window. Recently, in the Southwest, where football is a year-round preoccupation, the question as to who is No. 1 has been raging on decals and stickers, with the University of Texas making the most forceful argument. Its decals proclaim: WE'RE NO. 1 OF NATIONAL CHAMPIONS. In both cases the year—1963—is yea small.

This campaign irked Judge Abner V. McCall, a former second-string high school quarterback and FBI agent, who is president of Baylor University. At his suggestion, the Baylor bookstore has issued two decals: The first reads:

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The second:

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1964-1965.

WHAT'S COOKING? NOT MUCH

Like the recipe for seven-layer cake by George Blanda of the Houston Oilers? How about chicken supreme à la Willie Brown of the Denver Broncos? Or chocolate fudge cake by Smokey Stover of the Kansas City Chiefs?

These are just a few of the recipes in *Gridiron Gourmet*, a cookbook compiled by the wives of the Houston Oilers. Alas, the book isn't selling like hot cakes—for which, incidentally, there is a recipe by Rich Michael of the Oilers.

To help the ladies sell some books, Oiler Owner Bud Adams has asked the other owners in the league to take 500 copies apiece.

Concluded Lamar Hunt of Kansas City: "This is not a classic example of the growth of professional football."

FAR FROM THE IVORY TOWER

To our knowledge, the Medford (Ore.) Giants of the Northwest League next summer will be the only baseball franchise operated by a professor of geology. He is Dr. Joseph Graham, 57, of Stan-

ford, a Ph.D. in paleontology, who has been assured he will have the Class A club. Dr. Graham is not a parvenu: his father caught Rube Waddell in semipro ball, and Dr. Graham was a semipro shortstop himself.

"Joe is no ivory-tower bird," says Jack Schwarz, farm-system administrative secretary for the San Francisco Giants, who have a working agreement with Medford. "It wouldn't surprise me to see him taking tickets at the front gate."

"Don't make me appear to place baseball above my duties at Stanford," says Dr. Graham. "I'm a geologist. I'm just a plain fellow. I love baseball. I'm a bird dog for the Minnesota Twins, but they don't pay me. I guess I've always wanted to own a ball club."

SILVER LINING

Busy, busy Arnold Palmer paused long enough in Denver last week to predict that U.S. golfers are going to have their work cut out for them.

"We are going to see one of the greatest rushes of foreign players on the American circuit we've ever seen," said Palmer. "It won't be uncommon to find six foreign players among the first 10 in our tournaments five years from now. Boys from South Africa, England, Japan, Australia and New Zealand are willing to work and are working hard. Gary Player tells me he has two or three 19- and 20-year-olds in South Africa who will show better than he did. If that's true we've got to get our boys going. I don't resent the foreign players being on tour. What concerns me most is that our boys are not working as hard as they should. We have a number of players who have great potential. What will happen to them is another thing."

But for Palmer there was one reassuring note. "At least there are no new Nicklauses," he said. "And thank God."

BEZ SOCKO IN SOCK GAME

In the past decade boxing has been hit by three Congressional investigations (which revealed gangster control, a monopoly and fixed fights), two deaths in championship fights, a score of unsatisfactory title bouts and the loss of its two weekly national TV shows. By all rights, a pair of used boxing gloves should be on exhibit in the Smithsonian alongside Grover Cleveland's pince-nez, the 1903 kerosene-driven tractor and Warren G. Harding's golf ball.

Instead boxing is enjoying a modest boom. For example, last year Chris Dundee put on 31 shows in Miami Beach; in 1964 he had 12. In Las Vegas there are now two weekly shows, promoted by Bill Miller and Mel Greb respectively, and Miller's main events are televised into Los Angeles and taped for delayed showing in 14 other cities. (In turn, tapes of fights held in L.A. are seen in 26 cities.) In Portland, Maine, Sam Silverman staged 46 cards in 1966; in the 12 previous years Portland had 13 nights of boxing. And last year in Los Angeles Mrs. Aileen Eaton ran 51 shows, which drew 300,000 spectators who paid \$550,000—double her 1965 business and triple 1964. This, mind you, without any title fights, which have largely accounted for the boxing revival in Madison Square Garden.

Curiously, what has helped revive boxing is what helped kill it—TV. Until she negotiated a weekly TV contract in 1965, Mrs. Eaton was on her way to bankruptcy court. "We decided to use TV to build up the game and young fighters," she says. "A new crop of fighters attracted a new breed of fans—the 20-to-30 age group." In fact, in Minneapolis last year, Wally Karbo put on a series of studio-TV bouts to "explain to a new generation what boxing was" before promoting six live shows.

The new breed couldn't care less about name fighters; what draws are good matches between fighters who come to fight, and imaginative promotions. Says Mrs. Eaton: "Now that we have the fans, we just have to keep them happy." Says Sam Silverman: "Sometimes I think I'm promoting vaudeville." The fighters comprise a new breed, too. As Ernie Terrell says, "They can talk for themselves." Perhaps the epitome of the breed is Ron Marsh, a Minneapolis heavyweight who very ably interviews his opponents on TV.

THEY SAID IT

• Willie Davis, Green Bay defensive end, on the \$15,000 he earned in the Super Bowl: "It's kind of like putting sugar on top of ice cream."

• Lou Rymkus, Detroit Lion offensive line coach on Head Coach Harry Gilmer, who was fired last month. "Harry has a wonderful intellect for the game. His only fault is that he expects grown men to behave like grown men and not like babies."

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Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 23, 1997

BREAD-AND-BUTTER

Green Bay uses its familiar but effective power sweep against a new opponent as Jim Taylor (31) roars 14 yards around left and to score the



PACKERS

In the first half the Super Bowl lived up to its billing, but then the ruthless insistence of Green Bay wore down Kansas City and turned the game into a runaway

by **TEX MAULE**

CONTINUED

decisive touchdown against the Chiefs.



For two quarters it seemed that the Kansas City Chiefs might turn the Super Bowl into a Super Upset. The AFL champions, 7-year-old babes in the jungle of professional football, had played the merciless machine that is Vince Lombardi's NFL champion Green Bay Packers to a virtual standstill, blunting the famed running attack, harassing the game's best passer, moving the ball down the field to trail only 14-10. Then the superdream came to a nightmarish end. The Packers stormed out of the weeds, where they had been lurking for a half, and suddenly the first game between the two long-feuding leagues became a rout.

The Packers struck savagely and often at the Chiefs' weak spots, and when it was all over they had demonstrated to their own satisfaction—and to the AFL—that they are indeed the finest football team in creation. The score was 35-10, and even Lombardi, the game ball clutched to his breast like a No. 1 draft choice, permitted himself a smile.

The game began slowly. Curious about the Chiefs' capabilities, Green Bay's Bart Starr probed cautiously at first. He had expected to exploit anticipated deficiencies in the Kansas City defense at corner back, but he waited for a while before he began throwing passes to Carroll Dale, Marv Fleming and to the surprising hero of the game, Max McGee (*see cover*). McGee caught the first touchdown pass on a pattern that worked well all during the warm, windless afternoon in the Los Angeles Coliseum. He ran an inside move on Corner Back Willie Mitchell, who dived frantically in an effort to knock the ball away. McGee reached back with one hand, snapped the ball to his chest and went in for a 37-yard touchdown. Although it would take the Packers more than a half to establish their superiority, that one play confirmed Kansas City's fatal weakness at the corners.

The touchdown came eight minutes and 56 seconds into the first quarter, on the second series of offensive plays run by Green Bay, and at the time it did not create noticeable consternation among the Chiefs. Indeed, running and passing surprisingly well against the still-adjusting Green Bay defense, Kansas City tied the score quickly. Quarterback Len Dawson completed several passes to Mike Garrett, the stumpy rookie halfback who proved to be just as good as the

Packers had feared, to Chris Burford, the veteran end, and to Otis Taylor, who had been compared favorably by AFL adherents to Dallas' Bob Hayes.

Scrambling constantly, Dawson threw out of Coach Hank Stram's floating pocket and, for the first half, he threw very well. When he got Kansas City its first touchdown with a pass to Curtis McClinton, the surprisingly small crowd of 63,036, most of whom seemed to be pulling for the Chiefs, cheered the seven-yard play with slightly unbelieving exuberance.

But early in the second quarter Starr had pretty well decided what he could do to Kansas City, and it was quite a lot. He took 13 plays to travel 73 yards for Green Bay's second touchdown, and it was during this march that the hopes of the Chiefs must have begun to die.

Early in the drive, Starr suckered the Chief defense with a tactic that he has often used against NFL opponents. The running of Jim Taylor and Eljah Pitts had left the Packers with third down and a yard to go on their own 36-yard line. Many times Starr has faked Taylor into the line and thrown long under these circumstances, and now he did it again. As Taylor made his fake, Fred Williamson, the Kansas City corner back who calls himself *"The Hammer"*, came up hard—too hard. Dale went by him wide open and caught Starr's long pass 20 yards in the clear for a touchdown. A penalty called the play back, but it had been clearly established that the Green Bay spread ends and flankers were going to have a productive day.

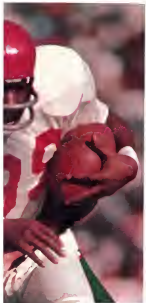
Starr underlined that fact on the next play by passing to McGee for 10 yards and a first down and, thereafter, he repeatedly jolted the Chiefs with his third-down calls. Later, on third and 10 from the Green Bay 42, he passed to Dale for 15 yards. On third and five from the Kansas City 38 he passed to Fleming for 11 yards. On third and seven from the Kansas City 24 he passed to Pitts for 10 yards and a first down on the Chiefs' 14-yard line.

The second Green Bay touchdown covered those 14 yards on a play that the Packers have all but abandoned against NFL opponents because it has become so

continued

Otis Taylor's reception at the Packers seven-yard line brought the Chiefs to their peak—and a temporary tie in the second quarter.





familiar. It was the venerable Green Bay power sweep to the left, with Taylor carrying the ball behind the meticulous blocking of Tackle Bob Skoronski, who booked in the Chief end, and Guards Fuzzy Thurston and Jerry Kramer, who mopped up what was left.

After that the Chiefs drove down to the Green Bay 24 on Dawson's passes out of his moving pocket, and Mike Merter, who had come to the Coliseum all alone Saturday to practice place-kicking, booted a 31-yard field goal. That was to be almost the last sign of any offensive activity by the Chiefs; the half ended 34 seconds later, and in the second half Green Bay, exploratory preliminaries completed, took over the ball game.

The Packers made a few adjustments during the intermission. "We were a little too cautious in the first half," said Team Captain Willie Davis, who redeemed his subpar performance in the NFL championship game against Dallas. "We were concerned with that rolling pocket. It wasn't all that new, because Detroit used it against us some. But we were getting in and then not making tackles, and we weren't blitzing at all."

Like most of the Packers, Willie accepted the victory calmly and he spoke carefully, as he always does. "They were spaced wider than we thought they would be," he said. "If you wanted to get any kind of inside rush you had to line up head up on your man. In the second half we did that and spread the linebackers a little wider to contain Dawson, and we quit being cautious. I figured, forget Kansas City and the Super Bowl and do what you do best."

Early in the second half Dawson had advanced the Chiefs to their own 49-yard line, third and five, when the Packers tried their first blitz, sending the two corner linebackers—Lee Roy Caffey and Dave Robinson—on with the wave of the defensive line. Robinson looped in and tipped Dawson's pass, which wobbled weakly into the air.

The ball was picked off by Green Bay's ubiquitous safety Willie Wood, who had cut in front of Fred Arbanas. Wood ran the interception down to the Kansas City five-yard line, where Mike Garrett caught him, but Pitts scored easily on the next play. "Who tackled me?" Wood asked in the dressing room and shook his head when someone said it was Garrett. "He's a good one."



Bert Starr (16) completed seven of eight crucial third-down passes, including four at right that set up the tie-breaking touchdown.

After Wood's interception the Chiefs seemed to come apart. They never again got beyond the Green Bay 44-yard line. The Packers, under the cool, intelligent marshaling of Starr, moved the ball almost at will.

They scored again late in the third period as their running game began to move more easily against the opened-up Kansas City defense. Starr still used the run sparingly; on a 56-yard drive he hit McGee three times—once for 11 yards, once for 16 yards on third-and-11, and once for 13 yards and a touchdown. All three passes were essentially the same: down-and-in patterns with McGee beating the corner back.

The Packers scored again in the fourth period, doing it with almost contemptuous ease. They started from their 20-yard line, after a Kansas City flurry had aborted following an interception by Willie Mitchell when Starr under-threw McGee slightly on a long pass.

As if to prove to Mitchell that his interception was an accident, Starr's first pass from Green Bay's 20 was for 25 yards to Dale, who left Mitchell spraddle-legged on a square-out pattern. Then Starr passed to McGee for 37 yards, and again Mitchell was the victim. Taylor failed to gain from the Kansas City 18-yard line, but Starr passed to Dale (on Mitchell) for another seven yards. From the 11, Pitts and Taylor ran the ball in, with Pitts going the last yard.

So the Packers did just what they thought they would be able to do after watching Kansas City game movies. "They seem to be deep-conscious, but they are vulnerable on the flanks," Starr had said. "I expect we will attack them with our flanker and spread end." Ultimately, attackers McGee and Dale caught 11 passes for 197 yards and two touchdowns.

Garrett said it from the other side: "They pick out a weak spot and stay with it better than any team I've seen. Which weak spot? Well, they were passing like mad on us and hitting those third-down plays, so there must have been a weakness somewhere. But they make mistakes. They are not superhumans. We just made more mistakes."

If there were any differences in the practice sessions of the two teams, they

continued



Max McGee reaches for ball on big play after Parker touchdown was nullified by penalty.



Carroll Dale turns in on defender Willie Mitchell and then takes a perfectly thrown pass.



Merv Fleming (above) and Elise Pitts (below) make difficult catches when they are needed.





were mental, not physical. Both Lombardi and Sram decreed secret workouts, not to conceal any new and devastating plays from a large and news-starved pack of reporters but to assure the concentration of the players.

"We'll do about what we have always done," Lombardi said one afternoon at the Santa Barbara Inn, a plush motel on the Pacific 90 miles north of Los Angeles. "Why change? We've been successful with it this far."

Although some NFL coaches had expressed doubt that the Packers could get themselves excited about the game after their Dallas heroics, they seemed, if anything, more intent on doing a job on the Chiefs. "We'll show them," said Willie Wood. "Past scores, movies, heights, sizes, weights—none of that means a thing. The only thing that counts is combat, head to head, for 60 minutes on the field."

"Look," said Tom Brown, the other Green Bay safety, "we have had a great season. We won 12 games, and we only lost two, and we beat Dallas for our second straight championship. You know something? If we lose this game, the season won't mean anything. No one will remember that. You know what they will remember? That the Green Bay Packers were the NFL team that lost to Kansas City in the first game played between the leagues."

Brown was faced with the problem of covering Fred Arbanas, the big Kansas City tight end. Thinking about that, he made a rueful face.

"I have a lot to make up for in this game, and I expect I'll get the chance," he said. "After Kansas City looks at the movies of us against Dallas, they'll be picking on me. I made three real bad plays—the interference down on the goal line that gave them their last chance, the time I fell down when Clarke made the big touchdown, and once down on the goal line early when I had an interception in my hands and dropped it. Just about the only thing a defensive back in my position is asked to do is to stop the big play. That only happens four or five times during a game, and it happens right out in the open. We get paid a lot of money for those few moments, and I busted them in Dallas. I

won't again. A loss here would ruin all that Coach Lombardi has built up over the years. That thought haunts him. I'm sure, and it haunts us and drives us, too."

Although the Chiefs felt keenly the responsibility of representing the AFL, they did not seem as aware of their potential place in history as the Packers. In their own motel in Long Beach, 30 miles south of Los Angeles, they appeared more relaxed, despite a healthy respect for their opponents.

"We are just going to have to hang tough in there," said Johnny Robinson, the veteran defensive back. "I don't see how we can stop them from getting maybe four, five yards at a crack, so we'll just have to wait and hope for the breaks and take advantage of them."

Curtis McClinton, the 227-pound fullback, went to bed each night with a Green Bay roster and studied his opponents until he fell asleep. After all this rumination, he arrived at an opinion at some variance with the consensus.

"This idea of making them a two-touchdown favorite is ridiculous," he said. "That is way out of line. The way I see it, they shouldn't be more than a three-point favorite. They get one point for the winning habit, one point because I think they are at the height of their maturity, and one point because they have a strong big-game history."

Buck Buchanan, the 6'7", 287-pound tackle who was faced with Fuzzy Thurston, employed a more esoteric method of preparation. He obtained a copy of Vince Lombardi's book, *Run to Daylight*, and studied the paragraphs devoted to Thurston. When he had finished, he kept whatever discoveries he had made to himself.

(At Santa Barbara, Thurston said philosophically: "He's about the biggest I ever played against. His big trouble is going to be finding me when we line up against each other. Maybe he'll trip over me.")

The general feeling in the Kansas City camp seemed to be that if the Chiefs lost, at least they would not disgrace themselves. The Packers, on the other hand, never thought of losing.

"We have to show clearly just how big a difference there is between the two teams," Defensive End Lionel Aldridge announced. "How bad should we beat them? I don't know, but one touchdown won't be enough."

The eventual 25-point margin should have been enough even for Aldridge. The only people in the stadium who needed more convincing were, of course, the Chiefs, who licked their wounds and felt that they weren't really that bad.

"We had to stop Green Bay on those third-and-one and third-and-two plays," said Defensive Tackle Jerry Mays. "Then they killed us on third-and-six and third-and-long. The way I see it, we lost our pose after Wood's interception. The Packers themselves beat us in the first half, then the Packers and the Packer myth beat us in the second."

"They don't hit any harder than anyone else," Linebacker Sherrill Hendrick said. "The thing is, they never block the wrong man—they're always in your way. And their backs always hit the hole. On their sweeps I was getting blocked by a different guy each time—the tight end, the pulling guard, the back. I don't know where they all came from."

Said Mitchell, who, with Williamson, bore the brunt of the Green Bay passing attack: "Starr was just throwing to open spaces and, when we blitzed, the line-backer was gone and I was in a one-on-one situation. I don't feel he was picking on me. He's a good quarterback. He's every bit as good as the quarterbacks at Buffalo and Oakland."

"I'd like to play them again next year, or next week, or even tomorrow," said Buchanan. Whether or not Buchanan gets his chance, he had a preview of the new look the Packers will have by then. Several of them are considering retirement, including Max McGee. Late in the game Vince Lombardi took a look at his replacements. He had Jim Grabowski at fullback, Donny Anderson at halfback, Gale Gillingham at guard and Bob Brown at defensive end. Receiver Bob Long played intermittently.

The young Packers did not quite match the veterans, but in time they will. Said McGee, who did so well in what might have been his last game, "It's a nice way to go, isn't it? In the Super Bowl I catch seven passes, and that's three more than I caught all season. I had an opportunity to play when Boyd Dowler got hurt, and I made the most of it."

"Of course," he said, "I would come back under one condition. If Vince wants me to come back, I will."

The Packers, as was clearly evident on Sunday, always do just what Vincent Lombardi wants them to do. **END**

Late in the game the Chiefs disintegrated: *Los Dawson submerges under a green wave.*

THAT PROVIDENCE CANNONBALL

His coach calls Jimmy Walker 'this train' because of his speed and power, just two attributes that make him the most complete player in college basketball, a sure All-America and a cinch to star as a pro **by FRANK DEFORD**

Jimmy Walker brings the basketball upcourt for Providence, and his body flows with it, guarding it, nursing it along—a flexible surge of muscle guided by wide vision and instant appreciation of possible avenues of attack. As he dribbles, the ball seems to have a new purpose with each explosive burst from

Yes, it did. The maneuver, as distinctive as Bob Cousy's behind-the-back sleight of hand, is one weapon in the most complete offensive array possessed by any college basketball player. Walker is battling for the nation's scoring lead, with a 29.5 average, but his ball handling and passing are what mark him as a genuine

work at ball handling than scoring, but Providence is not a well-balanced team this year—not a very good one, actually—and he has been forced to shoot more and more. Neither he nor Coach Joe Mullaney is very pleased about this, and both spend a lot of time apologizing about it to the rest of the team. The rest



In a typical deceptive bit of playmaking against Oglethorpe, Walker dribbles upcourt, looks and goes left as he flips a laid pass in the

the floor; it doesn't just bounce. Suddenly Walker changes direction. The ball flies down from his left hand, ricochets up to the right and the body shifts imperceptibly onto a new course of action. Admiring the rapid, deceptive move, a few practiced observers could swear the ball traveled under Walker's left leg as he made his cut. But the moment is gone; the ball has been passed to one of Walker's teammates who was free, and it has slipped through the basket. The scoreboard flashes, the action resumes.

Did the ball really go under the knee as Walker made that crossover dribble?

All-America and a potential star among the pros. The under-the-knee crossover is a move he developed in long hours of practice ("the difficult part," he says, "was being sure I came out of it all right, ready to drive or shoot"), and it gives him a split-second advantage over a defender as well as aiding him in playmaking. "He's almost impossible to stop in a 1-on-1 situation," says Cousy, discussing his Boston College team's meetings with Providence. "Last year we held him to 90 points in two games. Walker beat us both times."

Walker would rather talk about and

of the team, knowing Walker, is in complete sympathy.

In prep school and his first two years at Providence, Walker led his teams to 65 straight wins. He has never complained to an official, never bugged an opponent and, although he is so nervous the night before a game that he must get up long after midnight to pace outside in the cold Narragansett air, he appears in the locker room the next day loose and laughing before his teammates. Just as he will shoot when ordered, he will refrain if that is the coach's judgment. Last February, a few weeks after

he was exalted in Madison Square Garden for scoring 50, he made three points in Altoona, Pa. when St. Francis threw up a box-and-one defense. Mullaney decided to attack the box, so Walker took himself and his man out of the play and usually drew off another defensive man, too. The night Walker scored three points was the night Walker took exactly two shots. His team won. So the Friars well understand when Walker takes a lot of those shots, and they begrudge him none.

Last week, playing as the situation demanded, Walker got 22 points on a 50% shooting performance as Providence easily defeated Oglethorpe. Against Du-

until, when he was 13 or so, they put up a basket in his neighborhood. At 16, as a sophomore, he led the city in scoring and his team, Boston Trade School, to the city championship.

But there was, really, little to hope for. "A lot of the kids I grew up with, good friends," he says, "are in jail now." Walker began to think, vaguely, of scholarships and college. "But my coach—this is something—he told me to forget such things and just learn a good trade." Luckily, two men came into his life and guided him. The Rev. Michael Haynes, a Baptist minister and now a state assemblyman, and Sam Jones of the Boston Celtics. Jones got a scholarship for

around them." Then one day Father Raymond St. George hooked up with the shy freshman in a pickup 3-on-3 game and speeded his adjustment into the world of integrated race and religion.

Jim Walker, college senior, is outgoing and warm, as modest and as sure of himself as a campus idol is supposed to be. He will graduate in June with a degree in sociology, and following a pro career (which he may have to postpone because of a year's service in the Army and then possibly until after the '68 Olympics) he wants to work with young children. He helped out at a community center last summer. "The thrill was seeing how you could get a kid—any kid—



opposite direction for Steve Sarantopoulos, moving up behind him. Because Walker has drawn the defense to him, Sarantopoulos has a clear shot

quesne, which Providence had taken in stride in the Holiday Festival, Walker was hampered by a bruised thumb but still scored 19 and set up another Friar victory.

Walker is 6' 3", 205 and powerfully built, and Mullaney often refers to him as "this train"—as in, "So this guy gets in Walk's way and all of a sudden this train twists and goes right by." He was born in Amherst, W. Va., but the family soon moved to Boston, and Jimmy grew up in Roxbury, playing stickball and "running around the streets in ragged dungarees." Swimming was his passion

Jimmy and provided the additional funds to send him to Laurinburg Academy, a Negro prep school near Fayetteville, N.C. that Sam had attended. It was 21 long, scary hours by bus from Roxbury.

"Laurinburg turned out to be much more than just a school for me," says Walker. He was there for two years and then was offered a scholarship to Providence, a Dominican school where the priests wander about in long, white, flowing cassocks. "I didn't know what to do with them, whether to talk to them or what," Walker, a Baptist, recalls. "I felt, you know, nonreligious just being

interested in a sport and then see that just because of that interest the boy could carry over his enthusiasm into other things, like his schoolwork. That." Jimmy says, "was exciting." Asked if, in doing this work, he was remembering himself as a young boy and the guidance he received from men like the Rev. Mr. Haynes and Sam Jones, Walker said, "Yes, you could say that." He said it easily, without smiling, looking straight ahead and recalling the place and the time when his teacher told him, 16 years old, to forget all the dreams and just learn a trade.

END



As Cedric Leroy Gibson puts the first stick back in the cup, a happy Goalby acknowledges applause for his first winning performance in four years.

NO TRANQUILIZER LIKE VICTORY

It was a new PGA tour that opened in San Diego, but the oldsters dominated the day, especially Bob Goalby, who apparently has exchanged his tempestuous nature for the sweet serenity of success **by ALFRED WRIGHT**

Once upon a time the opening week of the pro golf tour at Los Angeles was one of the dependable way points of the year—like Thanksgiving or a Zsa Zsa Gabor wedding. There was the flavor of a family reunion as the pros regathered after a substantial rest, and the L.A. Open was the best possible place to look at the rookies and spot trends for the season ahead. All that was once upon a time, however.

Last week the 1967 pro tour started in a far different way, with nothing familiar except the note that the total purse money for the year was once again a record—\$4,500,000, up half a million from 1966 and up \$3.5 million from 10 years ago. The scene was the San

Diego Open, an event that in the past has occupied the second week on the PGA schedule and attracted a field about on a par with that of a Suffolk Downs churning race. The new season opener turned out to be only half a reunion, since such substantial members of the family as Jack Nicklaus and Arnold Palmer were not there, and it did not mark any significant return from vacation, since the pro tour is now a 12-month matter. Nor was it any place to look for rookies. But the fact that it wasn't was what provided the excitement, for men who have long since proved they can play the game took the first slice of golf's big melon. Finishing on top was once-terrible-tempered Bob

Goalby, 35, who beat Gay Brewer, 34, by a stroke with a 15-under-par score of 269. In the forefront of the struggle on the Stardust Country Club course was a slightly mellowed Tommy Bolt (48), PGA Champion Al Geiberger (29), Bill Casper (35) and Doug Sanders (33). A few of the relatively young or less seasoned, such as Frank Beard, Dave Hill, Pete Brown and Randy Glover, were there, too, but they, after all, have been on the pro tour for several years at least. One looked in vain for a smashing newcomer, an incipient Snead who would soon be appearing on everybody's TV screen.

More or less present were some of the latest additions to the pro tour, 17

young men who had won their player's cards at the PGA school for neophytes last fall. But only 10 of the 17 managed to qualify among the 146 starters, only four of these survived the 36-hole cut to 77 players and none finished higher than 42nd. No signs or portents there.

Stardust is the kind of golf course that permits scoring that is subpar and seemingly superhuman. There were 56 rounds under par on the opening day (roughly one in three), 47 on the second day and 45 on the third, after the field had been cut to 77. During that round, four players came in with 66s—Steve Spray, Terry Dill, Hugh Royer and Tommy Aaron—and another six had 67s. At that point, Goalby, who had built a comfortable five-stroke lead, was 13 under par with three fine rounds of 68-64-68.

One had to look back nearly five years to the 1962 season to find a similar run of solid golf by Goalby, who had failed to win a tournament since. Most people blamed his decline on his temperament. He is a seether, one of the worst on the tour. The intensity of his heat rivals Tommy Bolt's, even though his public flames do not build as high. Instead of throwing clubs, he finds something to blame, such as the time he missed a short putt and went stomping about the green looking down at his feet, muttering, "Oh, damn these white shoes; damn these white shoes." Now, Goalby always wears white shoes, so . . . ?

Goalby, while conceding his flammability, had another explanation for his tour troubles. "I started too fast," he said in the middle of last week's victory. "When I was winning all those tournaments, I didn't really understand what I was doing out on the golf course. Then when I started downhill I didn't know how to make the proper corrections." He has always been capable of spurts of remarkable golf—he once made eight straight birdies in the St. Petersburg Open—but his game was depressingly erratic.

The turning point in his career, he feels, came when Johnny Revolta took him in hand. "Johnny told me some things I hadn't realized before, and I started working with him," Goalby says. "We took my game apart and put it back together again. Now when I make a bad shot, I know how to correct it. The change began to show last May, and I've won about \$2,350 a week since then.

I can keep my temper under better control, too, but it's a lot easier to stay calm when you're scoring well." Sam Snead, he added, had helped him learn to keep himself in check.

Another glorious temper that seemed at least temporarily under wraps at San Diego was Bolt's, the man who once said, "Listen to that old bird up that tree. Sounds just like a rattlesnake, don't he?" Finding himself in a tie for third place at the halfway point, Tommy settled into a chair with a glass of Scotch and discussed himself with remarkable equanimity. He allowed as how he scarcely ever throws a club anymore because of an automatic \$100 fine levied by the PGA. "I just eliminate them now," he said. "After all, you should be allowed to go over into the woods and eliminate a whole set of clubs if you don't like them. But you can't throw them. A lot of the kids they have around these days don't even know how to throw a club right. They throw it backward, and then they have to go all the way back to pick it up. When I threw a club, I always threw it ahead of me. That way I didn't have to walk any extra distance to get it."

Functioning on a more serene but hardly successful note at San Diego was Bill Casper, the hometown boy and defending champion who was the leading official money-winner last year. In front of his neighbors he could not get his game untracked until the final two days, when a 68-66 pulled him into a tie for sixth. Yet he was in a splendid frame of mind, for within the past few weeks a couple of climactic moments had occurred in his life. On Christmas Day he was ordained an elder in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and just over a week later he and his wife Shirley were remarried in the Mormon Temple at Salt Lake City.

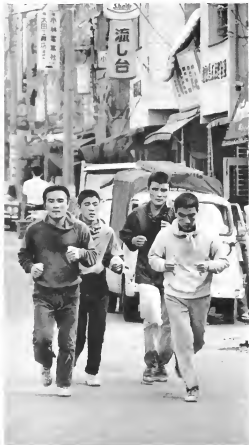
Casper has found enormous personal comfort in Mormonism and thinks that it will prolong his career considerably. "The way I feel now," he says, "I could go on playing until I am 45 or more." For the present, his plans call for about the same number of tournaments this year as last—29, including one in the Philippines, one in Australia and two in Britain. During the foreign excursions he hopes to conduct "freesides" for the Church and do what he can to improve the American image, which he feels is "not too good."

Although San Diego turned out to be a pleasant enough event and a perfectly satisfactory start for the new season, the question still remains: Why this break with the traditional opening at the 40-year-old Los Angeles tournament? It solved no travel difficulties, for the players still have to make the 500-mile jump to Pebble Beach for this week's Crosby Pro-Am and then 400 miles back to the L.A. Open, now third on the schedule. As with most of the PGA's problems, there was no simple answer. There was a vague feeling that the new schedule would provide San Diego with a better field, since many of the richer players used to skip it and go directly to Pebble Beach from Los Angeles to prepare for the Crosby. Then there was television. The PGA wanted to have a TV package of three consecutive tournaments that would display the best players—Crosby, L.A. and the Bob Hope Desert Classic in Palm Springs. When the new arrangement was proposed to the L.A. Open officials last year, they seemed happy with it. However, their second thoughts have been distinctly sour ones, for they now realize a lot of prestige has been lost by not being the tour's first event.

Such vicissitudes notwithstanding, the PGA is off to another year of unprecedented prosperity, with much of the increase in prize money coming from television, which will broadcast 16 of the tour events, as well as the Masters, the USGA Open and other special tournaments which make their own TV arrangements. With so much money around, a man can finish in 53rd place on the list of winners and still earn more than \$20,000—as Paul Bondean did last year.

There is even enough money to make the new Bob Goalby smile upon the world around him, though the smile had a slightly frightened look to it for a few moments on Sunday. Through no fault of his own, and in spite of the five-stroke lead with which he started the day, Goalby found himself standing on the 15th tee in a tie with Brewer, who had just turned in a wonderful 64. A birdie and a bogey later, Goalby was still tied, but he refused to let Brewer's score upset him. He birdied 17 with a fine 10-foot putt that just fell in on the last turn, and then saved his win and the \$13,200 first prize by getting down in two from a bunker at the 18th. Whatever it was Sam Snead told him, it was worth remembering. **END**

Tokyo's New Honorable Rage



When it comes to working up a solid case of national hysteria, few people can match the Japanese. Their latest object of affection is a cocky little fellow named Masahiko (*Fighting*) Harada, who won the flyweight championship in 1962, lost it and then rewon the hearts of his countrymen by taking the bantamweight title with a brutal split decision from Eder Jofre of Brazil. Wham! In a country that has never had many champions, *Fighting Harada*—and boxing—were the rage, so much so that fighters like Featherweight Mitsunori Seki, who is scheduled to meet Vicente Saldivar of Mexico for the title this month, now get the huzzahs usually reserved for sumo wrestlers and baseball stars.

Winning a championship is one thing. But, according to *Si* Tokyo Correspondent Frank Iwama, it is the way Harada goes at it that makes him so popular. His is a style loosely described as "frantic windmill," and it is calculated to turn the most ordinary fight into a hair-raising affair. Moreover, Harada made it to the top the hard way. As a boy he considered a plate of boiled bamboo shoots a big meal, and even after winning admittance to the Sasezaki Boxing Club (one of 119 in Japan, each of which handles about 100 fighters) life was not easy. The clubs house, feed and clothe their fighters, but only a few members ever make more than \$15 a bout. The determined Harada toted bales of rice for local merchants to supplement his income, grew stronger and now, at 23, is worth at least \$50,000, which is rich by Japanese fighters' standards.

Harada (far left), doing road work with classmates in Tokyo, braves long hours to compensate for fairly eating habits.



Catching Harada's punches, even in a sparring round, takes some doing, but his ingenious trainer has the answer—a pair of catcher's mitts



As Japan's leading world champion, Harada gets favored treatment—a long, relaxing massage on a luxurious "futon" while he watches TV.

As a boy Masahiko rushed all over Tokyo hauling bales of rice to make a meager living. He does it here to win publicity for a former boss.

CONTINUED



Honorable Rage *(continued)*

Harada, who won his flyweight title from Thailand's Pone Kingpetch only to lose it back, ate himself into the bigger bantam class, where he became champion in 1965. He defended his title twice and claimed he felt more comfortable. He was, of course, forgetting José Medel of Mexico, whose wicked counterpunch had earlier proved the antidote for Harada's rush-and-flurry tactics. In 1966 Medel handed Harada his head—and his only knockout in a 45-bout career (Harada has lost two by decision). This month, with Harada's bantam championship at stake a third time, the two met again at Nagoya—and did Harada change his style? He did not; he exaggerated it, throwing more punches than seemed possible. From the start, Harada swarmed his opponent with such fury that the Mexican was forced to spend the evening covering up. Medel got away from his buzzing tormentor to stagger him once in the 10th, but after that it was all Harada, bantam champion and honored toast of the ecstatic Japanese.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY T. SAWADA

Winner and still a world champion, triumphant Fighting Harada is hoisted aloft by his handlers for ringholders and all of Japan to admire.

70 The Sport Coupe with all of Chevrolet's new sports features.



Cubes, red lines, ft.-lbs., torque, tach. An SS 396 will even change the way you talk.

If you could bottle and sell what a new car like an SS 396 does for a guy, you could retire now. Rich.

You look out over a louver-styled hood. You ride on red stripe tires. You control 396 cubic inches of Turbo-Jet V8 (which is a little like driving a storm).

You can add a 4-speed and Strato-bucket seats with center console, disc brakes up front and Positraction in back. It's quick to turn, quick to shift, quick to do what you tell it to.

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MANEUVERS LIKE MAGIC



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Same 128 million Americans have never flown at all.

Our goal is simple.

To make flying more enjoyable, more convenient for those who fly frequently.

To make it more attractive, more affordable for those who have never flown.

To make it the finest way to travel for everyone.

We're doing it in many different ways.

We make everyone feel more at home.

From a warm smile of welcome from the man who takes a passenger's luggage when he drives up to the terminal.

To the warm greeting of a Stewardess who takes his coat as she welcomes him aboard.



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We brought gourmet meals to First Class, along with fine china, crystal and silver.

We introduced Famous Restaurant flights, where the food is prepared by the restaurant itself. Such as The Pump Room on First Class flights from Chicago, and Vaisin from New York.

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Installing a computerized reservation system that takes only four-fifths of a second to confirm seat availability.

everyone to fly.

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Improving on-time performance.

And by trying to get luggage to the pickup area at the same time the passenger gets there, give or take a couple of minutes.

We made schedules make business sense.

We invented the Air Shuttle so businessmen could commute without reservations between New York and Washington, or New York and Boston.

We schedule flights that go out and back in one business day, with time for a family evening at home.

Others that reach the destination early enough for a good night's sleep, and a fresh start in the morning.

Still others so frequent it's possible to leave almost any hour, day or night.

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Big jets like the Super DC-8, that will fly more people farther than any other commercial airliner.

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It lets you charge everything (fare, hotels, meals, rental cars and such), and then pay it back over 2 years with nothing down.

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Round Trip Excursion Fare; one-fourth off for everyone. Family Fare, one-third off for wives, two-thirds off for children. Stand-by Youth Fare, half off.

It's all leading somewhere.

Getting more people to experience the beauty, the serenity, the convenience of flight.

Of course, we can't expect everyone to fly with us.

But on this very day, we will carry more than 40,000 passengers. More than all but one of the world's airlines.

And by doing what we're doing, we feel we'll continue to get our fair share.

We want everyone to fly.



EASTERN

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It's the Oscar of the car business. And Cougar's got it! Motor Trend Magazine's Car of the Year Award for 1967.

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Mercury, the Man's Car.



FIGHT ON, OLD SING SING U.

Let's hear a sis-boom-beh for the athletes behind prison walls, whose prowess is often a match for college teams. Of course, the inmates do have one advantage. All games are at home **by ROBERT H. BOYLE**

No prison in the U.S. is more famous than Sing Sing. Packed into 55 hillside acres overlooking the Hudson at Ossining, N.Y., Sing Sing is "the Big House," "Up the River" and the home of the electric chair. Guards with Thompson submachine guns man the 26 watchtowers atop the massive walls of this maximum-security prison, and the mind boggles at the thought of almost 2,000 Humphrey Bogarts and James Cagneys stirring restlessly in the yard below, waiting to put the strong arm on the warden and make the break. In truth, however, the inmates at Sing Sing are not stirring restlessly; instead, when the weather is fair, they are out in the yard playing baseball, softball, bocce and handball. Groups of men in gray trousers, shirts and caps gather silently in a corner, not to conspire but to lift weights or pitch horseshoes. The air is filled not with mumbled threats and groans but with exultant cries of "Atta-boy, Louis!" and "Ranger!" The fact is, sports are a very big thing at Sing Sing and at many other prisons throughout the land. Indeed, prisons offer a rich and

varied recreational fare that many colleges would find hard to match. For example:

At Dannemora on the northern edge of the Adirondacks, another New York State maximum-security prison, the big yard has a bobbed run in the winter, which is banked against the prison walls. Alongside the start of the bob run is a ski jump—facing inward, alas.

At Green Haven, another New York maximum-security prison, croquet is the absolute rage in the infirmary yard. "Don't play against one of those old guys," cautions a young inmate. "They know the field backwards."

At San Quentin in California prisoners can take part in 12 different sporting activities, ranging from chess to boxing. San Quentin boxers are quite proficient. Three years ago they defeated two alternate members of the U.S. Olympic team before it left for Tokyo.

The Leavenworth federal penitentiary in Kansas is a member of the American Contract Bridge League. Once a year inmates hold a tournament to which outsiders are invited. One year a pair of

inmates, bank robbers by trade, played a pair of guests, local bankers, and the foursome got along splendidly. Leavenworth also permits inmates to play bingo, with candy bars going to winners. For those who prefer golf, there is a miniature course on the grounds.

The federal pen in Atlanta, Ga., is one of 21 prisons having a National Baseball Congress umpire school. Residents taking the course must attend some 30 hours of classes, take a written examination and participate in at least 30 games without encountering sustained protest. "We look for men of integrity," says an inmate ump. "Being an umpire develops a man's personality, sharpens his wits and certainly broadens his perspective. It has given me better control over myself."

At Menard state prison in Illinois inmates chip in nickels and dimes to equip a Little League baseball team in nearby Chester. A few times during the season the youngsters come inside the walls to play, and when they do, says Ross Randolph, Illinois director of public safety, "The men applaud and cheer something tremendous."

continued

In Texas the 12 prisons in the state system play one another in baseball. The pennant winners in the northern and southern divisions meet in a best two-out-of-three game "World Series." Ferguson prison has won for the last two years. Warden Kenneth Coleman gives much of the credit for the victories to inmate Hank Thompson, the former Giant third baseman, now doing 10 years for theft. Thompson is not in sharp enough condition to play himself, but, says Warden Coleman, "He's a big help to the kids as a coach. A lot of our winning the championship was due to his being able to talk baseball to the

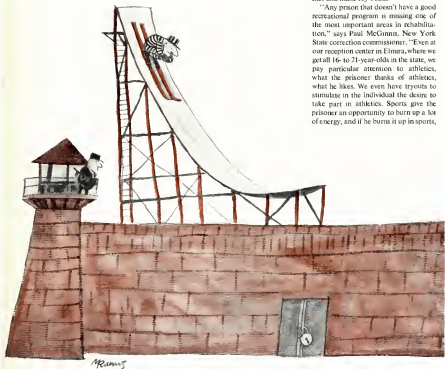
young inmates, getting them to think baseball and teaching them what to do with the ball when they get it."

Even bigger than baseball is the annual all-Texas prison rodeo held in October. Last year the rodeo netted more than \$250,000, and the money was used to buy artificial legs, eyeglasses, false teeth, sports equipment, musical, religious and educational materials, television sets and holiday dinners, items considered vital to prison morale and health but not financed by the taxpayers. More than 600 cons apply each year for the chance to compete in the rodeo, which is considered one of the most exciting in

its category because the prisoners ride and perform with such reckless abandon. The star of the show is Val Markovich, a clown. Because the fans expect it, Markovich wears a suit of black-and-white prison stripes instead of the prison's regular white cotton shirt and pants. Markovich is guaranteed star billing for some time; he is doing 99 years.

Besides participating in baseball, rodeos, boxing matches, bobsledding, bocce and bridge, convicts across the country also indulge in any number of other leisure-time endeavors. There are many prison newspapers and magazines (some of them inevitably named *Time*). There are prisoners who raise tropical fish and canaries in their cells, prisoners who tie flies and make toy boats.

"Any prison that doesn't have a good recreational program is missing one of the most important areas in rehabilitation," says Paul McGinnis, New York State correction commissioner. "Even at our reception center in Elmira, where we get all 16- to 21-year-olds in the state, we pay particular attention to athletics, what the prisoner thinks of athletics, what he likes. We even have tryouts to stimulate in the individual the desire to take part in athletics. Sports give the prisoner an opportunity to burn up a lot of energy, and if he burns it up in sports,



it solves a lot of problems for him, emotionally and otherwise, about confinement in an institution."

The man who did the most to put sports on the map at Sing Sing (and in prisons generally) was Warden Lewis F. Lawes. He has been dead now for 20 years, but he remains a figure of controversy within the state. To some oldtimers, Lawes was a poseur, a publicity-seeker; to others, he was a humanitarian, a penological prophet years ahead of his time, who wrote and spoke because he had important things to say about the convict and society. Whatever Lawes was, he never hesitated to express his beliefs. Although he was required by law to supervise electrocutions in the Death House ("Condemned Cells, the Coe-Cees, that's the polite name we use here," says a Sing Sing guard), he was completely opposed to capital punishment, viewing it as a futile gesture. In fact, he was honorary president of the American League to Abolish Capital Punishment. He began his career as a guard at Dannemora when he was 20. In 1919, when he was 36, Governor Al Smith appointed him warden of Sing Sing. Conditions were bad, and there had been a rapid turnover of wardens. It was said that the quickest way to get out of Sing Sing was to come in as warden. Lawes took over,

seeing himself "not as an instrument of punishment, but a firm, frank friend in need."

At once Lawes did away with class distinctions among inmates. He forbade them to wear silk shirts and neckties and ordered everyone dressed alike. At the same time as he swept away corrupt privileges, he changed Sing Sing from a place of punishment to an institution concerned with rehabilitation. He furthered interest in the Mutual Welfare League and allowed inmates to put on theatrical shows, admitting the outside public. But, above all, he encouraged the development of athletics and, over the years, Sing Sing began the practice of fielding varsity teams that played visiting teams in baseball, football and basketball. There is a story at Sing Sing that when Governor Al Smith was a young assemblyman he came to see one of the baseball games and, after it was over, he addressed the inmates. "Fellow prisoners," he began, to the roar of laughter. Flustered, Smith started over again. "Fellow Democrats!" he belted. "I'm glad to see so many of you here tonight."

Paying spectators were admitted to games, the gate receipts going to the Mutual Welfare League. The league used the money to buy Christmas gift packages and sports equipment for the inmates. When Sing Sing started playing football in the '30s, opening and closing at home against the likes of the Ossining Naval Militia and the Port Jervis Cops, public reaction was intense. Some penologists criticized Lawes for coddling the inmates, and the warden, a prolific writer, turned out an article, *Playing the Game on Sing Sing's Field*.

"I can understand the theory of the 19th-century penologist or administrator who cried out for the punishment of offenders," Lawes wrote. "Put him in a cell, lock him up and throw the key away" is a theory that can be sustained from the standpoint of mere punishment for crime. It is not a difficult task and does not require imagination. But when we are asked to maintain a high standard of health, when we are cautioned to return men to society better than they come to us, when we are directed to rebuild characters and remold men's minds, we must have material to work with. . . . That is why I encourage these men to adopt hobbies which will occupy their leisure hours; hobbies not inconsistent with the orderly routine of the pris-

on government. And that is why I encourage baseball, football and all other forms of outdoor recreation. While prisoners are taking their turn on the field, while they argue about their favorite heroes on the diamond or on the gridiron; while they discuss the salient points of a noted ring event or exchange ideas on politics or any other topic of common interest, they are not talking about their 'cases'; they forget about length of sentences; they have no time to brood about emotions. They are, during those hours, normal human beings with normal interests. . . .

"I encourage prisoners with long 'bits' to play on our various teams. They have a big fight ahead of them—the fight against dependency. In order to regain society's confidence, it must be a clean fight. Football has all the essentials that encourage men to strive for accomplishment. Whether a halfback or a quarterback is making a touchdown, whether he is punting or making a forward pass, he appreciates the responsibility that is his. It is this sense of duty and allegiance to worthwhile group affiliation that I hope to encourage by football and other athletic events.

"A baseball game or a football contest with reputable outside teams serves a twofold purpose: visitors learn to understand that prisoners are human, and prisoners appreciate the necessity of playing the game on the square with their fellows. The urge for normal contact that is thus kindled keeps many prisoners to the line of reason and conformity. Its influence is far reaching."

Under Lawes, Sing Sing went big time in sports. Gerald F. Curtin, a former high school baseball and basketball coach, was hired as director of recreation, and Curtin, still on the job today, brought in a football coach with the appropriate name of John Law. Law had played at Notre Dame, and he began building a crackerjack team composed of such inmates as "Pickles" Liebman, "Blink" Weisberg, "Knute" Dillon, "Flash" Pine and the still-famous "Alabama" Pitts. The big yard down by the river was named Lawes Field, and the warden's youngest daughter, Cherie, served as the mascot for the 250 inmates, who dressed as cadets and performed with military precision at all games. Programs were printed, and the team was officially called the Black Sheep. By 1933 the football team really hit its stride;

continued



the Black Sheep walloped the Port Jervis Cops 40-13. This was Sing Sing's first win over the Cops in three years, and it put an end to the newspaper headlines screaming YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LAW.

Newspapers began staffing the games, and Sunday after Sunday sportswriters went up the river for the festivities. One of the paying spectators, Eugene Kelley, a 70-year-old mail carrier, acted as unofficial cheerleader. Dressed in white duck trousers, a red sweater and a funny

is a home run almost anywhere. It is 270 feet down the left-field foul line, 440 in dead center and 340 in right. A thick 30-foot-high stone wall, topped by three watchtowers, encloses the outfield. Babe Ruth, playing for the Yankees in an exhibition game against the Black Sheep, hit a homer that is still talked about. It carried high over the wall and across the New York Central tracks that bisect the prison and finally came to earth about 600 feet away uphill. Curtin still has



hat with the legend, "Sing Sing, 1950," Kelley led the cheers, which consisted of thunderous boos from the inmates. Still, the pregame ceremonies were so moving—that with the cadenced marching of the cadets to the blaring band music of *Onward Christian Soldiers* and *O Come, All Ye Faithful*—that visiting sportswriters were left slobbering sentimentalists.

Alabama Pitts, in for a stackup, was the acknowledged star of the Black Sheep in both football and baseball. Paroled in 1935, Pitts, amidst much uproar, signed a professional baseball contract with the Triple A Albany Senators. An outfielder with a weak arm, he hit a disappointing .240. The Philadelphia Eagles then signed him as a halfback. He showed nothing and was released.

Nowadays, football is no longer played at Sing Sing. Wilfred Denno, who retired last week after 16 years as warden, said the yard is too hard for tackling. Outside spectators have not been allowed in for the last several years. However, Sing Sing continues to field varsity baseball and basketball teams, playing all games, as per custom, at home. And, again as per custom, all members of visiting teams are frisked upon entering the main gate.

A home run in the yard at Sing Sing

Ruth's bat in his office, carefully lacquered to preserve the mark made by the impact of the ball. Among other treasured mementos in Curtin's office is a photograph of the 1931 New York football Giants in the yard. The Giants are wearing double-breasted camel-hair coats with wraparound belts and wide-brimmed fedoras, and they have been mistaken for members of the Detroit Purple Mob.

Next to Ruth, the greatest hitter who ever played baseball at Sing Sing was an inmate, Piggy Sands. He stayed for 12 years, hitting about .440. Once, in a game against Sam Nahem, a National League pitcher during the early '30s, Sands hit two mighty homers, one over the watchtower in dead center field with a man on in the ninth to tie the score. Upon release, Sands still had enough zip left to play for the Indianapolis Clowns, a Negro team. Sands was also a splendid basketball player, scoring as many as 40 or 50 points in a game in an era of play when those figures often were the final score. "He was a wonderful boy and a wonderful athlete," says Curtin. "He was the best basketball player we've ever had. He was only 6 feet 1, but he was the center. He could rebound all day for you and make his 25 or 30 points. He could have played on any college

team in the country. In baseball, he could play any position—shortstop, center field, first base. He even pitched for me."

For the past couple of years Sing Sing baseball teams have played just above .500 ball. One veteran guard blames the decline on the lack of severe sentences: "Nowadays, a judge gives a guy one to three years. You can't build a team when a guy is in for a year. In the old days we had big farm kids doing 10 to 12, 15 to 20. You had material." However, Sing Sing still comes on strong in basketball, because the players are in phenomenal condition. Whether the stretch be for one year or 10 years, there is nothing like a prison routine to get a man into shape, and the Sing Sing basketball teams are usually inexhaustible. And good. Last year the team won 18 and lost only three and averaged 100 points a game. According to Dom Vece, an outside professional basketball referee who has been officiating at Sing Sing for years, the prison team would be good enough to hold its own in Madison Square Garden's college tournament at Christmas.

Sing Sing is one of the few prisons to have a gym. It was built by Harry Warner of Warner Brothers in return for having been allowed to film scenes for the movie of one of Warden Lawes's many stories, *20,000 Years in Sing Sing*, inside the walls. A varsity game attracts as many as 1,000 inmates, who cheer aggressively for the visiting team. They also cheer for the Sing Sing team, but not as loudly, and it takes some slick ball handling by the felon five to excite the inmates.

Back in the 1940s the gym was under the loving supervision of a Trotskyite who had been incarcerated for blowing up a longshoreman's barge during a union dispute. He cared so much for the gym that he forbade the warden to walk on the waxed floor. The Trotskyite is best remembered by oldtimers for the time FBI agents came to Sing Sing to question him about an unexploded bomb found at a Republican Party gathering. "I don't know anything about it," the Trotskyite said. "When I make a bomb, it goes off."

There is an extensive intramural basketball and baseball program at Sing Sing. New York State by no means fosters segregation, but the prisoners generally form their teams on a racial basis. The intramural basketball league,

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for instance, has the Rens, a Negro team named after the old Harlem Renaissance team; the Old Men, Negro; the Jets, same; the Clippers, white; and the Puerto Rican All-Stars, who welcome anyone who cares to join. Up at Green Haven the racial breakdown prevails in tackle football, which is played with a vengeance. Here, however, Negro and white teams from the four yards play in separate leagues. At the end of the season the two top white and Negro teams meet in championship games against their own brethren.

There is no racial playoff for the ultimate championship. "Do you want a riot?" a guard asks. The Negroes would undoubtedly win. There is a Negro full-back named "Chop" who is not only the fastest runner in the prison but a superb weight lifter as well. He scores five, six or seven touchdowns a game with regularity. In the opinion of fellow inmates, who eagerly watch NFL football on TV, Chop would make it big in pro ball. Among the white football teams at Green Haven, there is a strong tendency to organize on national grounds. The Irish mostly form the Bay Ridge Tom Cats, and Italians compose the Spartans, who are quarterbacked by a member of the Profaci mob. Even though Mafia types may not be the best passers, they are natural leaders and automatically take over.

The biggest annual event at Sing Sing is the Field Day held on Labor Day. Cash prizes of \$5, taken from the profits at the commissary, are awarded to the winners of such events as the 50-yard dash, the 100-yard hurdles and the 880-yard walk. "We do not have cross-country," says Curtin without being asked, "and we do not have pole vaulting." There is, however, a wheelbarrow race, a baseball throw and a sack race. There is even a 50-yard dash for "oldtimers." To be eligible, an inmate must have spent 10 years in prison. "That's straight time," adds Curtin quickly. "You can't go out and come back in again." The famous gangster, Owney Madden, who owned both New York City and Primo Camera back in the early '30s, just loved Field Day when he was at Sing Sing. To his horror, Madden realized that he would be released before the next Labor Day, and he asked if Field Day could be moved up to the Fourth of July. When told that it was impossible, Madden offered to underwrite a Field

Day on the Fourth out of his own pocket. Warden Lawes agreed, and track buff Madden returned to civilian life a happy man.

Single-wall handball championships are also held on Field Day, with \$5 going to the winners of the singles and doubles. Sing Sing has, of course, walls all over the place, and prisoners usually play with a tennis ball or a red rubber Spalding known as a "spalden." Recently regulation handballs have been introduced. Sing Sing is the only prison in the state that has a four-wall handball court, a depressing area inside the Death House where only residents of the Cee-Cees are allowed. When a Death House inmate wants to play, he must compete against a guard. Death House inmates are not allowed to mingle with one another. At present the Death House is empty. In 1965 the state legislature repealed the death penalty for most capital crimes. But even when the Death House was full, it was not a spiritless place. "When I worked in the Death House at Sing Sing," says Deputy Warden Albert Gilligan of Green Haven, "I thought it was going to be a very gloomy place, with everyone sitting around waiting to be electrocuted. But it was like any other cellblock. They'd be arguing over who was going to win the ball game or the fight the next week. The talk was about sports mostly."

At Sing Sing there are even a few prisoners who get to fish for stripers, bullheads and carp in the Hudson. These are members of the coal gang, and they bast up a line with leftovers from the mess hall. As a result, they catch mostly carp, but they have taken whoopers up to 46 pounds. "It's a score when they catch a big carp," says a guard. The fish is usually taken back to the cookhouse at Sing Sing, where it is cleaned and prepared.

Following dinner the inmates at Sing Sing are locked in their individual cells for the night. Up until 11:15 they can listen to selected radio programs over a headset. "They're very much sports-minded in here," says Curtin, who selects the programs. "They can listen to all Yankee and Met night home games. The Met fans at Sing Sing are a little louder than Yankee fans, but I don't know if there are more of them or not."

Then it is lights out, all you prisoners. Got to get plenty of sleep. Big game coming up tomorrow.

END

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Hertz

PEOPLE

To raise money for a São Paulo hospital, two dozen Brazilian celebrities, including a former president, a cardinal and the country's famed soccer player, **Pelé** (SI, Oct. 24) agreed to do paintings to be sold at auction. Using borrowed oils and pallet, Pelé took an hour and a half to dash off a primitive study in green and blue of a soccer ball bounding into a goal. "I had thought of doing a church scene," he said, "but everybody has already painted a church." Last week Pelé's work brought the top price, \$1,000, at the charity auction, and Pelé was given a gold paintbrush to mark his stroke of genius. "Never in my life had I painted anything," he said, "and I never will again. This is my first and last work of art." The picture was bought by a São Paulo businessman, who declared, "The canvas is objective, and the colors have excellent harmony. I am very proud to own the world's only Pelé."

It looked for a while as if **Sandy Koufax**, NBC's new pitchman (below), would make his broadcasting debut on the network's sports special before the Super Bowl. In a go-for-the-throat struggle with CBS for the most viewers, NBC executives wanted Koufax to take part in a pregame program with Johnny

Unitas and Jimmy Brown. But Koufax begged off. "I want to wait for my first assignment until the baseball season," he reportedly told his new bosses. "It's the one subject I know something about."

According to his political opponents Vice-President **Hubert Humphrey** has been getting places for years on a cushion of air. That may be, but the other day he really was airborne. Riding in a hydroskimmer, which operates at 50 mph some four feet above the water, Humphrey took a 17-mile trip over the Niagara River from Buffalo to Wheatfield, N.Y. "Live with Humphrey and live dangerously," the Vice-President told the crew, before prudently raising one politic question: "Where are the Falls?"

The owner contended his colt, **Pande**, was a well-fed grandson of a Kentucky Derby winner worth \$30,000, but the most famous horse thief in years, **Ethel Kennedy**, claimed he was a starving bag of bones when she rescued him from a nearby farm in Fairfax County, Va.—so sickly, in fact, that he died five days later. Last week a seven-man jury tried Ethel in the county courthouse. Important testimony for the defense came from a meteorologist after attorneys for the owner, Nick Zeno, offered in evidence photographs purporting to show Pande in fine health only a few days before Mrs. Kennedy made off with him in October 1963. The meteorologist told the jury that shadows in the pictures indicated that they were taken in May or July. The horse opera ended happily when the jury found Ethel blameless.

Norma Williams, like many another housewife, wanted to be a contestant on a quiz program. Finally she convinced husband Dick to drive her to a TV studio in Burbank, Calif. to be interviewed for *The Hollywood Squares*. Norma was turned down, but Dick Williams, who

is the manager of the Boston Red Sox, was invited to participate. Last week, in his 10th appearance, he became the show's first grand champion, winner of \$2,500, a stereo, a movie camera, a Honda, a trip for one to Paris, a week for two in Las Vegas and a three-tiered silver fox cape. Said Norma Williams, "I'm satisfied. I got the silver fox. And as for that trip to Paris—he's not going alone."

The Dutch royal palace is a 17th century, 25-room affair, staffed by some 60 people, and **Queen Juliana**, who lives there, never has seemed hard pressed for help. But the other day the guests at Princess Margaret's wedding were unable to have a scheduled skating party because, court officials explained, "the lake behind the palace is covered by a little snow, and we have not enough personnel to clean the ice." In truth, it was not the snow that was giving the royal party a headache. The marmosins of champagne consumed the night before had dampened everyone's sporting spirit.

Andy Macdonald, one of the world's finest Rugby players, has survived a bare-handed battle with a 600-pound wounded lion on his farm in Zambia. Attacked by the animal, he was

eventually able to fight it off by thrusting his right arm down its throat. The lion gave up its attack and later was found dead. Macdonald, his face mauled, an ear torn off and his arm mangled, crawled three miles through the bush to a road, where he was found barely conscious. After a six-hour operation, during which surgeons used 460 stitches to close his wounds, Macdonald, who played for the Springboks, the famed All-South African team, had one request: "Make sure I get the lion skin."

On sale at the Sugar Bowl were 1-foot-by-2-foot photographs of Alabama's frequently defied coach **Bear Bryant** walking on water (below). The price was 50¢. Business was brisk, but it got even better when, just before kickoff, the sun broke through the clouds for the first time in three days. A large group of Alabama fans rose from their seats at the sight, stretched out their hands toward Bryant and shouted, "We believe." Bear told newsmen a few days later, "This stuff about me being some sort of deity or possessing occult powers is getting embarrassing. I wish you would help me suppress it." Sorry, Bear, you'll have to do it yourself. Only Bryant can knock Bryant in Alabama.



GM



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A mayfly that will float without its hackles

Bored with orthodox patterns, a gifted amateur flytier has removed the collar from the mayfly to make it look more like the real thing

Change comes slowly in certain fields of human endeavor. Fly tying is one of them. Year after year amateur and professional flytiers have been turning out the same standard dry-fly patterns for trout—the Royal Coachman, the Quill Gordon, March Brown, Light Cahill, etc.—and only once in a great while does a new fly, the Rat Faced McDougal or one of the Wulffs, come along. But even these flies, for all their effectiveness, are variations on an old theme: they all use hackle wound around the hook near the eye to give the fly buoyancy and the appearance of legs.

Now, however, Ted Niemeyer, a gifted 37-year-old amateur, is tying stunningly realistic mayflies that have no hackle at all. "To me," says Niemeyer, "hackle is unnatural." Instead of hackle, the six legs of a Niemeyer mayfly keep the body above water as in life. The legs are made from the belly hairs of the javelina, the wild pig of the Southwest. The javelina is fond of groveling in sand, and the tips of the belly hairs are delicately frayed. These frayed tips, which serve as the tarsal claws or feet of the mayfly, trap air bubbles and keep the imitation afloat. Niemeyer also has been tying beautifully realistic nymphs of mayflies and stone flies, and anyone who has been fortunate enough to see his work has been surprised by the resemblance to the living insect.

Niemeyer was born and raised in Seattle. Until the age of 17, he was a bait fisherman. Then one day, while fishing the Skykomish River to no avail with salmon eggs, he met a fly-fisherman who was taking fish consistently. "I was so impressed," Niemeyer recalls, "that I went back home and started tying flies."

For a dozen years Niemeyer tied orthodox patterns as he moved about the country for his employer, United Airlines. Precise and meticulous by nature, he thought nothing of taking several hours to tie what he wanted to be the perfect Royal Coachman. Three years ago, in the midst of a winter tying session at home, Niemeyer, to use his own words, "got disgusted tying standard patterns." He decided to try natural imitations without hackle. "There's great satisfaction in tying an old standard dry fly," he says, "and the old patterns work. But doesn't it get tiresome if you're always driving the same old car? I'm one of those people who are eager to see if something new won't fool the fish."

Niemeyer's first mayfly took four hours to complete. Now he can knock

one off on a dinky size-20 hook in 25 minutes without using a lens. According to him, tying a mayfly, say the Green Drake, is simple. Here are the directions: insert a size-16 hook 4x short shank, up-turned eye in the vise and sharpen the point. Wrap fine tying thread on the shank from the eye to the bend. At the bend, tie in a partially stripped quill from the throat of a Chinese ring-necked pheasant, tying the quill so that the natural curve sweeps back and up from the shank. Then tie in two fine, long hairs from the back of a javelina and a stripped quill from a peacock sword feather. Wind the thread all the way up to where the body should end, holding the pheasant stem, javelina hairs and quill by the tips as you wind. Bring the thread back down to the bend of the hook. Now spiral the peacock quill around the pheasant stem to the bend, making sure that each segment abuts the other. Tie the quill down at the bend. This completes the abdomen or body.

The legs, the belly hairs of a javelina, are tied in. The rearmost one nearest the flytier should be tied first. Next the rearmost one on the far side. With the rear legs secured, tie in a stripped quill from a peacock sword feather on the underside of the shank. This quill should be slightly darker than the peacock quill used to wrap the body. Let the quill hang free. Tie in the near-side middle leg and then the far-side middle leg. Tie in the two forward legs in the same fashion. Come back with the thread and tie in the wings, using natural-dun spode-hackle tips. After the wings are tied in, bring the thread forward toward the eye of the hook. Now take the quill which has been hanging free and spiral it forward, all the while making sure that the spirals force the javelina-hair legs to stand out in the proper position. When the quill has reached the eye, tie it off with a whip finish of the thread and put a drop of varnish on the knot. The Drake is complete. Got it?

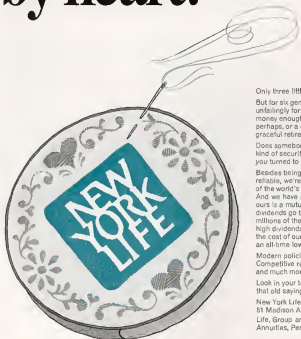
In the field Niemeyer finds that his imitations are superior to standard patterns in taking fish. However, they must be presented delicately, and they definitely are not flies for rough water.

Niemeyer ties for his own pleasure, but once in a while he gives a few flies to friends. It irks him that they invariably put the flies on display instead of using them. "I wish they'd fish them so I could get criticisms," he says.



HACKLED FLY (TOP) AND NIEMEYER'S

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Building an empire on horses ready to run



ENTREPRENEUR O'Farrell shows some of the Ocala-breds he will sell at Hialeah this week. From left are Homa the Fair, a bay colt by Fair Ruler; Magic Ring, a chestnut colt by Like Magic; and Alley Fighter, a bay colt by Florida's most successful stallion, Rough'n Tumble.

Speed is very important in Joe O'Farrell's life. He drives, talks and acts fast, and the business he runs has grown faster in the last decade than any other horse-breeding enterprise anywhere. During the last month high-speed 300-mile trips between Miami and Ocala have been a routine part of his preparation and promotion of the 2-year-olds that will be sold this week in the Florida Breeders' Sales Company auction at Hialeah. As the nonsalaried president of the sales company, O'Farrell is interested in every horse that will be sold. As general manager and part-owner of Ocala Stud, he is particularly concerned with the 72 horses he will sell for himself or as an agent. When the sale ends the buyers—many of them personally influenced by O'Farrell's sales pitch—will have spent more than \$4 million for some 300 horses, to set all kinds of records for the Florida sales.

O'Farrell will hardly pause to enjoy his success. He will rush back to Ocala to supervise the foaling of another crop of his horses—a crop that probably will bring even more money in the 1969 sale of 2-year-olds. Then he will match up his mares and stallions and oversee the breeding operations on his farm. He also will buy and sell new farms in Ocala,

entice new people with fresh money into the region and travel all over the world seeking new horses for himself or new customers for the Hialeah sales. And while he looks ahead, the horses he has sold in the past undoubtedly will keep winning; the Ocala Stud has been the leading commercial breeder in the country in four of the last six years.

"I'm always in a hurry," O'Farrell says. "I hate anything that forces me to sit around and do nothing. You know how it is with horses—some settle right down and others are always wound up. I think the same thing applies to people—and I'm the type of person who never unwinds." O'Farrell's nonstop sales talk about Florida breeding can wear out his listeners, and the frenetic pace of his activity disturbs more complacent people in the racing business. He can be charming in his approach to prospective customers, but he also can be opinionated and abrasive around men he must work with. In the fiercely competitive commercial breeding business, he attracts a good deal of criticism. But on balance his record must be considered remarkable. In an era of kickbacks, phony syndicates and other forms of sophisticated robbery of horse owners, O'Farrell has maintained

a sound record of honesty and frankness. And in a business long governed by murky traditions and cautious thinking, he has been a daring innovator—the driving force behind the tremendous growth of Ocala as a breeding center.

He speaks proudly if not always modestly about his ideas. "I've done more to improve feed than anyone ever did before," he says. "I'm constantly making tests to improve the land and the horses. I've taken a scientific approach to raising horses, and the record shows that it works." All the science in the world, however, would not have been enough to sell people on the nondescript steeds that O'Farrell and his partners owned in 1956 when they took over Bill Leach's Dickey Stables and renamed it Ocala Stud. Leach had raised and sold that year's Kentucky Derby winner, Needles, but the rest of the stock on Ocala's three modest horse farms had pedigrees on the fringes of the Thoroughbred family. Ocala needed more than fertile soil or ideal climate to become a breeding success; it needed a gimmick, and O'Farrell found one.

The gimmick wasn't new. In the early 1950s Elmer Heuback Jr., then the farm manager for Carl G. Rose, had tried to sell some poorly bred 2-year-olds by

continued

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training them first and then offering them instead of presenting them as fattened, untried yearlings. Leach had based a whole sale on that idea, and a Kentuckian named Doug Davis Jr. had tried the same thing with some unfashionably bred stock. The concept of selling horses "ready to run" had met with little support, mainly because the training of a yearling was both risky and costly—and most commercial breeders prefer to leave all possible risk and expense to the buyer.

"I realized that it would cost about \$2,500 more to train each horse instead of just fattening him up like they do in Kentucky," says O'Farrell. "But I also thought the buyers would like the idea. After all, it takes a trainer over 100 days just to get the fat off those Kentucky yearlings. We avoided such troubles, because we raised our horses to race, not just to sell."

When you look back on the extraordinary rise of Florida breeding the idea seems logical and simple. But as the first Ocala Stud sale began in Jan. 1957, O'Farrell began to wonder what he had gotten into. "There I was in the open Hialeah paddock," he recalls, "with 26 2-year-olds bred like billy goats. And just as our sale started it began to rain. I had put every cent I had into that sale, and if a hard rain chased away the buyers I figured I would be bankrupt before I even got going." But the rain stopped, and the horses sold for a surprisingly good average of \$5,200. Over the next few years more breeders became interested in selling horses after they had been broken and trained. "I had to carry the sale myself for a few years, and the sales company never had any money," says O'Farrell. "But men like George Cavanaugh and Bonnie Heath joined me, and within five years we had enough money to build our own facilities."

At that point the average price was up to \$9,000; last year, in the company's new sales pavilion at Hialeah, 231 horses brought an average of \$14,278. The "ready to run" sales principle, just a gimmick a few years ago, is now a prime factor in a multimillion-dollar business.

Breeders outside Florida still scoff at the Ocala methods. "They talk a lot about selling tried horses," says Leslie Combs II, Kentucky's leading commercial breeder. "But when they sell their horses they aren't far enough along so that a buyer can tell a whole lot about

them. I believe they push a lot of horses before they're ready."

"I just think it is wrong," says Lou Rowan, a leader of California's struggling breeding industry. "To wind up a 2-year-old to go as fast as he can for a quarter-mile. You're asking for infirmities. It's not horsemanship. It is salesmanship."

O'Farrell insists it is both. He considers himself a superior horseman and boasts of the record of his operation. "Ocala Stud horses are so fit that even the worst trainer has trouble running them," he says half jokingly. "If I were raising cripples how could I have had seven stakes winners last year, more than any other commercial breeder?"

Another familiar knock against Florida horses is that they win only when they run against one another. "A lot of Florida horses are winning races where only those bred in the state are eligible," says Combs. "You don't hear too much about them away from home." This argument has lost its validity in recent years, as Roman Brother became Florida's first Horse of the Year in 1965 and Dr. Fager and In Reality gave Florida two of last season's best 2-year-olds. "And the Kentucky people can't talk about state-bred racing anyway," says O'Farrell. "They have their own form of closed racing. They all run against each other at Keeneland every spring. That meeting is virtually limited to Kentuckians. Who else in his right mind would be at Keeneland when he could be in Florida?"

Even O'Farrell's rivals admire his salesmanship. "A tremendous promoter," says Kentucky's Bill Hancock. "A great publicity director," adds Combs. "They're smart in Florida. They've got all those rich old people down there with nothing to do, so they sell them a horse."

Combs's statement is not quite applicable to the present establishment in Florida racing. The "rich old people with nothing to do" include William McKnight, Jack Dreyfus and Lou Wolfson. They first bought horses and later invested in Ocala farms, and they have become an important force in the growth of Ocala. "Unlike Kentucky breeders," claims O'Farrell, "we encourage new people to join us. We're not trying to control the whole business among a few of us. And since we're not just looking for people with money to lose, we attract real businessmen—men who know about running a sound operation and

making a profit. That kind of thinking has helped us a lot. We have a kind of pioneer spirit. We're willing to try anything new."

The industry that consisted of three farms when O'Farrell arrived now includes almost 100 farms and thousands of people. The farm owners have organized—largely under O'Farrell's influence—to make many improvements. "It was easy to present a united front at first," says O'Farrell, "because there were so few of us. We knew that if we were going to make it we would have to go all-out to boost Florida breeding in general. Now that we've gotten so big, I must admit we're not quite such a friendly group anymore. But, for the most part, we can still work together well."

The main crisis in relations among Ocala breeders occurred in last year's sale, when the colorful and unpredictable socialite Liz Whitney Tippett decided to have a friend, Mrs. Lela Ellis, "buy" a son of her sire, Restless Wind, for a newsmaking \$100,000. Says O'Farrell, "She let people know about it beforehand, and then she had her agent bid up to \$100,000 so fast everyone could see it was a fake. After all we'd done to make people trust us, she had to go and buy that colt back herself to get that publicity."

For a time O'Farrell talked of banning the Tippett horses from future sales; she in turn wondered if other breeders were just jealous of her. "They're trying to discredit a sale that should make everyone in Florida very happy," she said, and Mrs. Ellis displayed her own check for \$100,000. But the colt, Tumble Wind, became a stakes winner, and the trouble was almost forgotten. O'Farrell is happy to list him among Florida successes, and Mrs. Tippett is preparing another large consignment for the sales. Elsewhere in Ocala, who occasionally hear breeders complain that O'Farrell is taking too much credit for their feats; and O'Farrell himself is sometimes annoyed at men who sit back while he drums up business for their horses. But the Florida breeders are making too much money to do much fighting.

Things should get even better in the future. It has long been established that horses raised on Ocala land "outrun their pedigrees," but for many years this did not require much running. Now, however, Florida people can point to a number of good stallions and mares.

continued

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HORSE RACING *(continued)*

"You just can't go out and buy top broodmares unless somebody dies," says O'Farrell. "So for the most part you have to build up your own good families."

The head of Florida's best family is Rough'n Tumble, the 19-year-old patriarch of Ocala Stud. A sore-footed son of the undistinguished sire Free for All, from a bloodline that seemed dead 10 years ago, Rough'n Tumble has sired the winners of almost \$3 million. "He has been the biggest single influence in building up our pedigrees," says O'Farrell. "There are only about 10 truly great sires around, and you've got to have one of them or you're in trouble. We just have Rough'n Tumble."

The prolific Rough'n Tumble rarely saw a high-quality mare in the first years of his career. Yet somehow he sired stakes winners out of mares that had never been remotely associated with stakes racing before. His offspring increased the stakes-winning "black type" in many Florida pedigrees, and O'Farrell even used services to him to lure new people into Ocala. The old stallion is nearing retirement age now, but he has done his job so well that the breed is in no danger of falling off again. Florida now has many good mares—although O'Farrell admits that there are also far too many bad ones left—and a few promising stallions. William McKnight's Intentionally had a brilliant crop of 2-year-olds last season, and O'Farrell's imported Prince Taj has the most prestigious European bloodlines ever to enter Florida.

This week the crew-cut, smiling O'Farrell is roaming the Miami stable areas, talking and shaking hands and somehow offering something to suit everyone's needs. Most of the buyers will listen to O'Farrell and pay record amounts of money for his horses. But when the sale ends the sales pitch will go on. The promotional job Joe O'Farrell does is aimed at more than one sale or one financial coup. It is tied up with pride and excitement and love of a region, and maybe those factors explain why he has accomplished more in 10 years than others have done in generations. "Ocala is my whole life," he says. "I've put everything I've got into it. We've scratched and scrambled to make it here, and we've done things nobody believed we could do. Just because we're on top I'm not about to stop hustling now."

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United.*



An Italian sings the blues

The author, ranked by many experts as the world's best bridge player, decries an internal struggle that may break up Italy's famed Blue Team

Ever since our eighth straight win of the Contract Bridge World Championship in St. Vincent last spring, the members of the Blue Team have been looking forward to our effort to keep the Bermuda Bowl in 1967. But, with sorrow, I must now say that there is a chance the Blue Team will not be playing for Italy in Miami Beach this May.

No, it is not because we are afraid to be beaten or because we want to make sure we retire undefeated. In fact, if my teammates and I do not turn up to defend our title, it will be for just the op-

posite reason: because we believe that if we are to lose we should do so with the same lineup that has won the World Championship so often.

But when our all-powerful captain, Carlo Alberto Perroux, made his emotion-filled farewell at last year's victory celebration in St. Vincent, he announced that this had been the Blue Team's last appearance, and his own. Apparently he is determined that at least half of this announcement shall come true. Among ourselves, we said then that Perroux was speaking only for himself and that we six

good companions would never let the title go unless we were beaten. We felt that when the time came for us to lose, as all teams someday must, we owed it to our opponents to give them the opportunity to say that they had won from the champions—not from some other team—so that the question could never be asked, "Could they have won if the Blue Team had defended?"

But after a new Italian team, with only two members of the Blue Team playing, failed miserably in Warsaw, the new captain, Sergio Orsella, resigned, and Perroux was summoned out of his brief retirement to take over once more the job of technical adviser. He is now solely responsible for the selection of our International Team.

This was no great surprise. But, on receipt of the letter from the *commissario* asking about my availability for the Miami Beach event and for the necessary practice sessions to precede it, I called my partner, Pietro Forquet. From him I learned, to my astonishment, that Perroux intended to make some changes in the team. After much serious consideration, Pietro and I advised our captain that we were available, but only on the condition that the entire Blue Team was selected to compete.

As a team, we have had a storybook success, and there is much more to this than the fact that the team consists of six individual stars, or even three long-practiced partnerships. We have become comrades and friends. When one or another of our players has had a bad streak and felt that, for the good of the team, he should not play, we have never let him remain on the bench. Luck is a fickle lady who smiles tomorrow upon the same person on whom she frowns today.

Perroux himself has remarked on more than one occasion that our indestructible team spirit is one of our most powerful weapons. Why then should he consider taking it away from us by breaking up our team? I do not understand it.

Of course, more than spirit is involved. When you break up long partnerships you lose the advantage of mutual confidence that helps to produce world championship results. I have, for example, always especially liked one deal that Pietro and I played against the Americans in 1965 in Buenos Aires.

When B. Jay Becker and Mrs. Dorothy Hayden held the North-South cards for the U.S., they bid to three spades

continued



GAROZZO POWERS PLAY OF HIS PARTNER IN LAST WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP



The Mercedes-Benz 250S: why it's more likely to end up in a museum than a junkyard.

Mercedes-Benz engineers are too busy building efficient machines to bother with frills and annual face-lifts.

Their efforts have earned over 5,400 patents and loyal owners in 155 countries. Their latest achievement is the 250S Sedan, recently introduced as a rather unorthodox competitor in the "luxury" price class.

**"It appeals to the intellect,
not the libido"**

—*Road & Track* magazine

The 250S is unorthodox because it refuses to pander to snobs and status-seekers.

For example, it carries as many people and as much luggage as its status-conscious rivals—but measures a full two feet shorter. A drawback in the show-off sweepstakes, but the 250S darts into parking slots that its hefty cousins can't. It tucks into garages, weaves through traffic, and handles with almost laughable ease.

**"It is one of man's most
perfect mechanical devices"**

—*Car and Driver* magazine

The 250S repays your investment with technical brilliance, not pep-paws. Instead of being satisfied with a conventional suspension, Mercedes-Benz engineers devised a fully independent

suspension that offers "a combination of riding comfort and stability that is the standard for comparison," says *Road & Track*. The source was a world-championship Mercedes-Benz racing car.

Note: The engineers added a hydraulic spring to the rear axle of the 250S. If you stow a heavy load in the trunk, this spring silently pumps itself up. The car keeps riding level.

**"The car has enormous
stopping power"** —*Car and Driver*

Disc brakes are bolted to all four wheels of the 250S, a system identical to 180-mph Grand Prix machines. These fade-free brakes not only stop you, they keep stopping you.

It is almost impossible to lock up the rear wheels in a brutal panic stop. The reason: a valve in the brake system that balances front and rear-wheel braking forces.

While it can loaf all day at 90 mph, the 6-cylinder, single overhead camshaft 250S engine also delivers 20 miles per gallon in normal use. It is machined to tolerances of four 10,000ths of an inch.

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BRIDGE

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NORTH

♠ 7
♥ A J 10 9 7 2
♦ 8 7 5 2
♣ A 5

WEST

♠ 6 2
♥ K 8 6 5 3
♦ 1
♣ Q J 8 3

EAST

♠ K J 10 9
♥ Q
♦ A Q 9 6
♣ 10 7 6 4

SOUTH

♠ A Q 8 5 4 3
♥ 4
♦ K J 10 3
♣ K 2

WEST

(Lamont)

PASS

3 ♠

PASS

PASS

PASS

NORTH

(Forger)

2 ♥

PASS

2 N.T.

PASS

PASS

EAST

(Schles)

DEB.

PASS

PASS

PASS

PASS

SOUTH

(Gavett)

REDBL.

2 ♠

4 ♠

PASS

PASS

Opening lead: queen of clubs

and congratulated each other on having stopped low enough to avoid disaster—although they did go down one trick for a 50-point loss. But Pietro and I were able to find our way to the game at five diamonds because in our partnership my redouble not only showed a good hand, it also committed us to reaching a game contract if we did not double.

Making 11 tricks was not a laydown, but any of our six players (and no doubt any of the American players, as well) would have brought the game home. The opening club lead was taken with dummy's ace. With the strength located in East's hand by his takeout double, I was able to take a spade finesse with reasonable certainty. When the queen held, a low spade was trumped in dummy and a diamond lead was ducked to my jack. Another low spade ruffed in dummy permitted a second trump lead through East's strength. He took the ace and continued clubs. I won, cashed the king of diamonds and led out the good spades, letting East make his queen of diamonds any time he liked. The result was a major success, and one that was possible only because Pietro and I were so familiar with each other's bidding.

Is Perroux really serious about breaking up the Blue Team, as he has the power to do if he sticks to his decision? I fear he is, and though Pietro and I are not the players involved, we feel so strongly about the Blue Team's playing as a whole that if there is no change in the decision Pietro and I will not compete for the World Championship. Then the Blue Team will no longer be a team, but only blue.

END



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WAVE OF EXCELLENCE



HARRISON
GENERAL MOTORS
FOUR-SEASON CLIMATE CONTROL

BELLE OF THE MUSHERS

BY VIRGINIA KRAFT

When the author was asked to cover the world championship of sled dogging in Alaska she decided to become a participant, despite a total lack of experience. What follows is an account of her hurried and often agonizing 10-day training session, capped by the rewarding experience of competing in the race itself

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH A. WILCOCKMAN



There was still an hour before the start of the 1966 World Championship Sled Dog Race in Anchorage, Alaska but already crowds were beginning to jam the sidewalks along downtown Fourth Avenue. At any time of year Fourth is a lusty, neon-lighted midway—part Times Square, part Bonanza City—but now, during the three days of the championship, it had become a winter carnival.

On one corner a Ferris wheel lifted red-cheeked children high into the frosty sky as bright wooden horses pranced in endless circles to the notes of a nickelodeon. Almond-eyed Eskimos pecked from within billowy ruffs of fur, their handsome, knee-length parkas lush with sable. Everywhere young and old nibbled delightedly on cones of cotton candy, trailing long pink wisps of sugar through the thin, cold air. Against one building an emperor's ransom

in animal pelts hung ready for auction. There were mink and sable, parkee squirrel and arctic fox, wolf, otter and wolverine, the last the most prized fur of all because it does not freeze even in the lowest temperatures.

On the avenue itself traffic had been stopped since early morning, an exception having been made for the crane-necked television vans. Yellow police barricades lined the road and carpenters hammered the final nails into wooden grandstands. At F Street a thick rope lay across the breadth of Fourth Avenue, half buried in the snow that had been freshly spread for the race. The rope marked the start and finish of the 25-mile championship trail, a trail that begins and ends each day in the center of Anchorage but, in between, winds far out into the white wilderness that surrounds the city. The trail circles across streams and frozen

continued



lakes, through forests of stunted trees and over windy plateaus rutted with the tracks of moose and other game. It climbs into the foothills of the Chugach Mountains before eventually returning through choked stands of birch and evergreens and across snowbanked permafrost to the city and Fourth Avenue. It is regarded as the toughest sled-dog trail anywhere, and each contestant must run it three times—a total of 75 miles—during the championship. There were 22 entries in the race in 1966 and I was one of them.

"Not long to wait now," one of the officials said as he stopped next to me at the line. I looked past him down the seemingly endless string of dog vans parked on either side of the avenue behind the reviewing stand. Handlers and drivers scurried about in a confusion of sleds, dogs, harnesses and racing banners. Over all, the din of almost 300 barking dogs muted other sounds. At the starting line the lead-off team already was being hitched. Its driver, Elia Anelon, a young Aleut from the village of Iliamna, bent over the first dog in harness, quieting its violent efforts to be off and running.

The official looked at his watch. It was 10 minutes to one. The first team would leave at the stroke of one. At two-minute intervals the other 21 teams would depart.

"Too bad the weather isn't better," the official said, looking up at the overcast sky and the scattered snowflakes drifting to earth. "Good luck anyway."

I'll need it, I thought. Until 10 days before I had never even seen a racing sled. I walked back to where my dogs, five of them, were waiting. I patted each, not sure who was comforting whom. They looked at me, solemnly it seemed, making curious whining noises deep in their throats. A roar went up from the crowd as Elia Anelon started. Two minutes later the second sled was away, then the third. I was to be eighth. My dogs flung themselves violently against their traces, howling to be off. Friendly hands held onto them, to my sled and to me as we moved toward the line. Then the team ahead was gone, disappearing down the long, wide avenue. A blur of almost 10,000 dogs turned expectantly to await the next starter—me. The announcer said, "One minute." A young man pushed a microphone at my face and asked, "How do you feel?"

"Fine," I heard myself mumble. Fine! I had never been so terrified.

Most mushers, I learned later, are nervous to some degree before the start of a big race, but I am sure that there was not one musher on that first day as nervous as I. To begin with, my fellow contestants were all experienced. Sixteen of the other 21 entries had competed in previous world championships; two were three-time winners and two others had won the championship twice. The remaining five mushers had all raced in lesser but nonetheless demanding contests. Many had won qualification races at home and in neighboring villages for the privilege of representing their communities in Anchorage. All had worked intensively with their teams for months and, in some cases, years

prior to the race. They knew the mood, mannerism and idiosyncrasy of every one of their dogs. Finally, I was the only woman.

Considering the long list of discrepancies between myself and the other mushers, the sex factor was not a relatively serious handicap. Far worse was my total inexperience. The dogs in my team had been leashed from a kennel, and the only thing I knew about them for sure was that for most of our brief acquaintance I had been on the losing end of a deliberate, diabolical and frequently disastrous contest of wills, which I had no reason to think would not continue into the race.

All of this had begun a month before. The sports editor of the *Anchorage Daily News*, Barney DuBois, urged SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to cover the 1966 world championship. "Sled-dog racing," he wired, "is one of the most tenacious, grueling sports in the world. Mushers must drive sleds for long distances through well below-freezing temperatures."

I was interested and wired him back, asking if it would be possible to enter since that would certainly give me the clearest insight into the sport. I had found no reference to women competing in the championship and was not certain they were eligible.

DuBois' answer arrived the next day: "Women don't sled-dog-race with men for much the same reason they don't play football with them—too rough." But he was enthusiastic, anyway, about the idea of my entering and he soon managed to arrange for a team of dogs from Earl Norris, a top trainer. Norris agreed to train me, feed the dogs and provide handlers—in short, to do everything except pay the \$50 entry fee.

Norris wanted me to leave for Anchorage immediately but I could not. Busy in New York on other assignments, I undertook to prepare myself physically by lifting weights, doing sit-ups and knee bends, running along crowded sidewalks past startled doormen, riding stationary bicycles and not-so-stationary horses and by jogging several times a day up and down the 16 flights of stairs to my apartment. On the day I was to leave for Alaska, I was a regular female Jack Armstrong.

The time difference between Anchorage and New York is five hours. It was 4 in the morning, by my time, when I arrived at International Airport. I was barely down the ramp when a tall man in a black beret galloped toward me.

"Musher Kraft?" he said, pushing his face inches from mine. I nodded dumbly, still groggy from the 16-hour trip, whereupon he threw his arms around me and pressed a great, wet kiss on both my cheeks.

"Welcome to Alaska, Musher Kraft," he said, with a grandiose gesture. A variety of official-looking documents appeared in his hands, as if by magic. "On behalf of the governor of this great 49th state, I, Colonel Muktuk Marston, hereby make you a member of the ancient Order of the Alaska Walrus."

From out of a little circle of smiling spectators emerged a

remarkable-looking character in baseball hat, grizzled Horace Greeley beard and a long, tattered coat that was decorated here and there with electrical tape.

"Meet your trainer," Muktrak said. "Earl Norris, meet Musher Kraft."

I shall never know exactly what Earl Norris' first impressions of me were but I did not miss the skeptical glance he gave my high heels. For me, perhaps because of the long trip and the late hour, the entire airport encounter had a mad, *Alice in Wonderland* unreality that carried over to the next day and my first sight of Howling Dog Farm.

The place is aptly named. There were almost 200 sled dogs at Norris', all of them in excellent voice. Each was chained to its own flat-roofed house. The chains were not quite long enough for the dogs to reach the narrow footpaths that ran between the houses, but I was never convinced of this as I walked within inches of all those big teeth.

Besides the sled dogs, the Norrises had several horses and ponies, a tame reindeer, assorted cats, three children aged 10, 15 and 17 and a dyspeptic dachshund dachshund. The hub of the establishment was a two-story log cabin in varying stages of completion, from which the ménage overflowed in happy confusion onto several large lots, over which were strewn the carcasses of old cars, abandoned couches and overturned garbage cans. This and the 600 acres of wild woodland behind it were all, astonishingly, only the turn of a steering wheel off one of the main thoroughfares in Anchorage. As an area for training novice mushers, it was unmatched anywhere. I did not realize this, of course, until much later. On that first day, in fact, I had no idea what a trail looked like or should look like.

"I'll ride you over the trail in my sled first," Earl said that first morning. "That way you'll get the feel of the sled and an idea of what's out there. Then we'll come back and I'll hitch you up to three dogs and you can follow me on your own." He spread a blanket in the bottom of the sled for me to sit on and I could tell he was looking at my obviously new clothes. I felt like a dude.

Norris went to one of the doghouses and returned with a big, blackish-greyish Siberian. He held it close by the leather collar so that it stood as tall as his chest as it bounced along on its hind legs to keep pace with him. This was the first dog in the team, the leader. He put a chest harness over its head and forelegs and hooked the back of the harness to a single, long polyethylene rope that extended to the underside of the sled. The four other dogs in the team wore similar harnesses but these were hooked by shorter ropes to the long one so that the dogs were in pairs on either side of it. An additional collar line was hooked to the tug, as the center rope is called, which kept the dogs aimed straight ahead when both collar and harness lines were taut and also helped distribute the weight they pulled.

The sled itself was about four feet long, made of light, native-birch slats bound with rawhide to a frame that formed a flexible bumper in front (for hitting what, I won-

dered). The back was one continuous piece that served as both a support for the sides of the sled and as a handle for the musher. The runners were eight feet long and about one and a half inches wide, with a thin sheet of steel glued to the underside. A foot brake, actually nothing more than a three-pronged board held up by two half-inch springs, projected from beneath the sled between the runners. Theoretically, the sled could be stopped or slowed by stepping on the brake and thus digging the prongs in the snow. There was also a heavy 12-inch iron hook that could be driven into the snow to hold the sled for any given time. The entire sled did not weigh much more than 60 pounds and was designed for speed and maneuverability rather than for carrying passengers or freight.

I climbed aboard and we were off. The practice trail ran down a hill and turned into a stand of evergreens. We moved soundlessly in and out among the trees, up one hill and down another, around a curve and out into a broad clearing that in summer is a swamp. The trail itself, packed hard by earlier travel, was barely wider than the sled. On either side the snow was piled in high, immaculate drifts, undisturbed except by an occasional animal footprint. The air was clear, cold and still. Against the brilliant blue of the sky, the peaks of the Chugach Mountains seemed carved from ivory.

In 10 minutes we were back among the howling dogs. Earl harnessed three of them to another sled and it was my turn to drive. "I'll hold the dogs to the top of the driveway so we don't spill you off before you get started," he said. "Then I'll go on ahead and you just follow me. That way if you lose the dogs I'll be able to catch them."

"How do you lose the dogs?" I asked.

"Well, if you don't hold on to that sled real good," he said, "sometimes they get away from you. If you're alone that can be real bad, because those dogs just keep right on going and you might never catch up with them."

I gripped the handle of my sled a little tighter.

"Step on the brake as hard as you can," Earl continued, "and at the same time bend down and pull up the snow hook. The dogs will be trying to go forward, so make sure your foot is on the brake good before you do anything. Then keep it there till you hang the hook solid on the sled. You can get in trouble if that thing is flying around loose."

I did as he said. The sled lurched forward as the hook came free. I pressed my foot harder on the brake and anchored the hook. Then I released the brake. The dogs gave a little yelp and we were moving forward, gliding swiftly and smoothly over the snow. It was a glorious sensation, like flying over soft, white clouds. The wind was fresh in my face and smelled faintly of hemlock. I relaxed a little on the sled, savoring the air and the atmosphere. I felt completely, joyously free.

Then, suddenly, I was buried in a sea of powdery snow. It was over my head and under my jacket, in my eyes, my nose and my mouth. I was moving face down through a

continued



Crowd gathers in a stand of birch as a driver snakes around one of the sharpest and most dangerous turns on the 25-mile trail. On the return

LADY MUSHER *continued*

snowdrift that rolled over me like surf. I had no idea how it had happened. One moment I was thinking how simple it was; in the next I was helpless. I realized that my arms were rigid and that I was still gripping the handle of the sled.

Finally, the sled stopped. Still holding the handle, I got to my knees and poked my head up through the soft snow. The sled was caught on one side of a tree, the dogs were pulling hysterically against their traces on the other. It was a stalemate. Earl walked back along the trail. He backed up the dogs and held them while I unhooked the sled from the tree, righted it and anchored my foot on the brake.

"You had your weight on the wrong runner," Earl said matter-of-factly. "You have to let up a little on one foot when you hit those curves, shift your weight so you balance the sled, keep it level. Like in skiing. It's real simple once you get the hang of it."

There were times in the days that followed that I did not think I would ever get the hang of it. One thing it was not was simple. In those first agonizing days I was thrown on my head, on my elbows, on my shoulders, on my hips. There was not a part of my body that was not welched black, blue and purple. I was dragged on my stomach, on my sides and on my knees, for what must eventually have totaled several miles over snow, ice, the roller-coaster runs of snowmobile tracks, through thickets and brush piles. I was flung against fences, full force into trees, flamboyantly into snowdrifts. But I never once let go of the sled.

"She really holds on," Earl said, and I could tell he was pleased. In three days it was the most encouragement he had given me. From the beginning Earl had been willing to hold up his end of our bargain, but clearly he was skeptical about my ability to hold up mine. He had little patience with ineptitude.

Besides learning to ride the sled, I still had to learn to

handle the dogs. All the commands are given by voice. "Gee" means turn right; "Haw" means left. Both are said sharp, loud and deep in the throat. "Whoa" means stop, but I had already learned the hard way that my dogs, at least, did not have a clue to its meaning. Until now I had been following Earl, turning when he did, stopping and starting on his lead rather than mine, so I had not actually been directing my dogs. This time he sent me out ahead.

The first intersection of trails went fine. I said, "Gee," and Tricky, my lead dog, turned smartly into the right trail. But at the next intersection everything went wrong. I said, "Haw," and the dogs greed. I said, "Haw," again, louder, and they kept right on greing. The pair of dogs directly behind the leader are called the swing dogs. The one on the left, Sharky, glanced around at me as I said, "Haw," again, and if dogs can laugh, that is what he was doing.

"Put on the brake! Put on the brake!" Earl yelled. I was still shouting. "Haw, haw, haw," like some strange bird, when I got the sled stopped. The message finally got across. Tricky turned around and ran back alongside the sled, pulling the other two dogs after her. Suddenly the whole front end of the sled went up into the air. I screamed, "Stop, whoa, don't, haw, go back, gee!"

At that point Tricky turned again, this time crossing over my runners and heading along the other side of the up-ended sled. The tug rope wrapped around the back of my knees and I went down in a heap on top of the other two dogs. Sharky broke out, adding his lines to Tricky's around my legs. Tricky was pulling him in one direction, and the other dog, which was somewhere underneath me, was pulling him the other way. Each pull tightened the ropes around my legs. I was on my back in a jumble of snow and fur, my knees bound securely to the back of the sled, which was now standing straight up on its runners.



leg Racer Mike Prince approaches a crossing—and an increase in the number of spectators. Only a few hearties skied out to the far reaches.

Alone, I would never have gotten out of the tangle. As it was, that miserable beast Sharky slipped both his harness and collar during the unraveling and pranced off for home, with another one of those exasperating expressions on his face. In a race this would automatically have disqualified me, since a driver must complete each heat with all the dogs he started with, even if it means carrying back an injured or lame dog in the sled.

Things went better on the next run, and Earl decided to try me out on the trails alone. We ran the first seven-mile loop of trail without mishap. The dogs were keen and hawing so well, in fact, that I was foolish enough to think they knew who was boss. They did, of course. My mistake was thinking it was I. As it turned out, they knew the route far better than I and would have made the proper turns with or without direction. But it was only when I decided to try a trail off to the right rather than repeat the same route that I realized this.

I said, "Gee." Tricky made no effort to turn. I said, "Gee," again. Tricky continued straight ahead. This time I was not about to be intimidated. I threw on the brake, stamped the snow hook into the trail and physically pushed Tricky around to the right. "When I say gee, I mean it," I told her. She looked at me wearily, as if this were one more burden she had to bear. And I could have sworn that Sharky shrugged his shoulders at me as I walked back to the sled.

That afternoon was the low point of my sled-dog career. I lost the dogs. I recall that whole disastrous run as something of a nightmare. For some reason, Earl had decided to upgrade me from a three- to a five-dog team. He also hitched the dogs to a different and somewhat heavier sled than I had been using. Its handle was flat instead of round and about twice as wide as the other. Earl rode partway out

on the sled with me to slow the dogs with the double weight until I became accustomed to their greater power.

From the beginning, nothing felt right. It was worse after Earl got out. The dogs immediately picked up speed and I was unable to control them or the sled. It kept sloughing to one side, then the other. We were on a stretch of trail that had been heavily rutted by snowmobiles. The sled slapped up and down unsteadily as it hit each mogul, then dipped into each trough. I tried to absorb the shock in my knees as I had learned to do on the other sled but my legs seemed like wood. Then a runner dog into the soft bank and the sled flipped.

I was dragged for several yards, waiting for the dogs to slow enough for me to try to get up. This was always difficult because the dogs never stopped and rarely slowed. I waited for my chance, then scrambled up, keeping my weight on the overturned sled, as I had been taught, until I was on my feet. Then I flipped it upright as I jumped for the runners, but at the same instant the dogs leaped forward in a renewed burst of speed and I went down between the runners.

I held on to the sled, dragging almost straight out. Because it was upright, we were moving at full speed. Each mogul bear against my knees and shins like an iron club. I kept shouting: "Whoa, stop, please, stop, whoa, please," but I might as well have been speaking Latin. Desperately I tried to pull myself up to where I might get a knee onto a runner. The strain on my arms was agonizing. The sled slipped out of my hands and the dogs galloped on.

I lay on my stomach in the middle of the trail and pounded the ice with my fists. I wanted to cry. I cursed the dogs, and Earl, and the impossibility of the sport.

The next morning when I arrived at the kennels Earl was busy loading dogs into the vans. The first of two children's

continued



and women's races were to be held that day and his sons and wife were entered. He said he had no time to work with me that weekend, but it was clear that what he really meant was that he saw no future in it. He had written me off.

"But I *have* to train today," I pleaded. "There are only six days left before the race. I can't afford to miss even one of them."

"Well, maybe you can get Bill Sturdevant to take you out," he answered, referring to one of his young handlers. "If he wants to work with you, that's O.K. with me, but I can't give you a leader. Tricky's racing today. You can take three team dogs and follow behind Bill if you really want to go out. That way you won't need a leader." I had been demoted.

That evening I sat alone in my room. Every joint in my body ached, every bruise was agony. There was a lump on my forehead the size of an egg. I mixed a drink and found that I could barely lift the glass. The outlook was hopeless. I would never in five days, or five months, or five years, master this frightful project. I had no chance in the world of surviving even one day of the big race.

It was my birthday. I have never spent a lonelier one. There was a stack of cards from home on my dressing table, and with them I noticed a small, gift-wrapped box. It had not come by mail. I tried to think who in Anchorage had known it was my birthday. I was sure I had not mentioned the fact to anyone. Inside the box was a tiny, exquisitely carved ivory whistle set with a gold nugget and meticulously inscribed with my name. It was the nicest thing that had happened all day. In spite of my misery I smiled, in pleasure at the gift and amusement at the situation that had prompted it.

When I first began training I learned that while some mushers call and shout and bang on their sleds to make their dogs go faster, all of Earl's dogs had been taught to respond to a short whistle, occasionally reinforced by a clap of the hands. This was fine except that I cannot whistle and I dared not take my hands off the sled to clap. I tried blowing through my teeth, through my lips, through the sides of my mouth, but I could do no better than sputter. I happened to mention this additional, unanticipated handicap in a radio interview. The unexpected gift was the solution of an elderly Eskimo carver named Paul C. Buck, who had heard the broadcast. That wonderful, welcome whistle proved to be much more than a racing aid. It changed my luck.

But not immediately. Things got worse the next morning. A newspaper friend called early. "You got problems," he said. "The big contender got in last night and the first thing he wanted to know was what right you had to be in the race."

"But I thought we had cleared all that," I said. "As long

as my dogs had raced in the preliminaries, I thought my entry had been approved."

"That's right, that's right," he said. "You're legal all the way, but this guy's got a real thing. He'd be happiest if there was no one else in the race. Right now all he can see is that he'll wind up drawing a starting position behind you and that you'll foul him up when he tries to pass. Anyone else in the race could do it just as well, but he's decided you're it."

"A real sporting attitude," I mused.

"Sporting, shmorting. There's big money in this race. We had all we could do last night to keep him from going straight from the airport to the race committee."

I could tell something was afoot the rest of the afternoon. Groups suddenly grew silent when I approached. Little knots of race officials kept forming and re-forming and glancing periodically in my direction. The contender himself appeared and, to his vast embarrassment, he was grabbed by the arm and brought to meet me. He nodded curtly and vanished again into the crowd.

Minutes later I found out what had happened. My newspaper friend appeared from the crowd and whispered in my ear: "Big trouble, baby. This is for real. Our friend has resurrected an old provision that was written into the racing rules years ago to keep some drunk from turning up on the starting line. It gives the race marshal full privilege to declare any musher ineligible at his own discretion. The contender just put it on the line to him. He wants to know whether or not you are capable of running the course, and the marshal has decided to find out. They're going to have you run the women's course right now while they put spotters on the trail to see if you can handle it."

I was speechless.

Earl's wife, Natalie, and his son, John, came up to me. "Look," Natalie said, and I could tell she was not happy about what was happening. "We're going to let you go out on this trail right now. You can handle it. We'll hitch up four dogs, and John will run a team behind you so you won't be alone."

"Then it *is* true!" I said. "It's certainly a low trick. I am being sent out midway in my training on a strange 10-mile trail, with four strange dogs, an hour before dark, after I have been standing around for five hours getting stiff from cold, 20-below weather, and on that basis someone is arbitrarily going to decide whether I'll be able to race five days from now. Why don't they stipulate that I have to stand on my head on the runners, too?"

I seethed while the sled was being hitched. Earl came up and whispered in my other ear: "Ignore them all. You'll do fine. Just take it real easy. There's nothing out there that you haven't handled already at our place."

To my amazement, he was right. There was no point in the 10 miles as difficult as some of the really tough spots on Earl's training grounds. His torture program was beginning to make sense.

Having run the three 25-mile legs of the race, Musher Kraft reaps her rewards: roses, champagne and an adoring Anchorage crowd.

continued

In one place the trail paralleled a main highway. I was conscious of a dozen or more cars parked along the side. I didn't dare look but I knew they were race officials. I could feel my blood pressure rising again. Suddenly I heard John Norris call, "Trail," from behind me. This call corresponds to "buoy room" in sailing. When an overtaking team gets to within 50 feet of the sled ahead, the forward sled must stop and clear the trail to let the other pass by. They were really giving me the full treatment.

I put my foot on the brake and stopped the dogs, pulling my sled partway off the trail. John went by smoothly. When he was well past, I started up again, only to note in dismay that my left swing dog had managed, while we were stopped, to get over on the right side of the tug line. I should have expected something like this. It was my old friend Sharky. With both swing dogs on one side of the line, the sled was moving unevenly and sloughing to one side. I was not about to spill, in full view of a hostile gallery, because of Sharky or any other beast. There was nothing to do but stop, set the snow hook and manually put the monster back on his own side.

The rest of the trip was remarkably uneventful. When finally I crossed back over the starting line, I could not believe the time. Even with the stops and the tangles, I had done the 10 miles in 39 minutes. My time was equal to the fourth-place time in the women's championship that had been held on the same course that day.

"You showed them," Earl said. He actually looked happy. "They saw you give John a good pass, and set your snow hook, and handle your dogs like you knew what was what. The word is already around about your time. You won't have to worry about any more questions from anyone."

The next morning I was at the Norrises' before Earl had finished his coffee. "I have been giving the situation a lot of thought," I told him. "There is only one way that I am going to make that race. In the four days left I want to run the big trail until I know it backwards. I don't care if that means running it twice a day. I want five dogs and I want to use the same ones and the same leader I'll be racing so we get to know each other. It's the only hope I have." He did not approve, but he could see I meant business.

I had definitely decided to keep Tricky as my lead dog. In spite of our clashes, I sensed a certain sympathy for my stupidity. I had also definitely decided that I wanted no part of Sharky, but my left swing dog again looked suspiciously like him. Besides these two, there was Tany, a dependable little Trojan who lent at least some respectability to the swing pair. Behind them, the rear, or wheel, dogs were Charney, a cavalier, bushy-maned Siberian, and his good-natured, old-shoe-type running mate, Ginnee, who had been renamed in my honor.

The first run on the big trail was a disaster. In the first two miles I went down four times, crashed head on into a tree, broke the left front bumper on my sled, skinned both my arms to the elbows and, finally, roared out onto Northern

Lights Boulevard at the peak of midmorning traffic, almost falling under the wheels of a 10-ton truck. It took me an hour to pick all the pebbles out of my hair and clothes after that first run. My jacket was ruined. The lining stuck out in several places and the entire outer shell was scraped away in front. Even so, I could not wait to get back on the trail that afternoon. This time I knew where the pitfalls were, and I would not make the same mistakes twice.

The second run went well. I fell only once and recovered easily. I found that I had finally mastered the knack of jumping off the runners as the sled began to tip and of running alongside while I righted it again. I even managed to control the dogs when they were spooked by a moose on one lonely stretch of trail.

It was dark when we finished the run, but I was elated. For the first time since I had thought of entering the race I knew that I was capable of running the trail and finishing it. Suddenly it was very important to me to do just that all three times in the world championship.

I hardly slept the night before the race, and the next morning I could not seem to get organized. I did everything in slow motion. My leg, which I had injured in a final training run the day before, was painfully stiff. I called down for ice to pack it. A waiter brought up two buckets and four glasses. It was anything but a party day. For the first time since my arrival in Alaska, the sky was heavily overcast. It had snowed all night. The forecast was for more snow, heavy drifts and winds to 25 mph. Worse, temperatures in the high 20s were predicted. Such warmth could collapse the hard crust on the top of the trail, leaving wallows of loose powder that exhaust both dogs and drivers. I ate breakfast and immediately felt sick. My stomach seemed on an elevator that kept going up and down.

The race was to begin at one but my dogs would be at the unloading area by noon. I waited until the last possible moment to leave. In the lobby of the Captain Cook Hotel the bellhops and the young assistant manager were waiting to see me off. They all inquired about my leg.

"We'll be rooting for you," one of them said. "We've pooled our money and we're betting on you to finish."

And then suddenly it was quarter after one and I was on the starting line, looking down that awesome avenue. An official said: "You understand the rules. If you have difficulty controlling your dogs, I can help you for the first 100 feet. After that, no matter what happens, you must handle the dogs and sled yourself. I can give you no assistance. Now get ready. And good luck."

As if in a dream, I heard the countdown begin. The dogs were lunging against the handlers to be off. Then they were rushing forward and we were running straight down the avenue. I was aware of unbroken lines of people on either side but they were long, continuous blurs. Dimly I realized that they were shouting: "Go, Gimme, go!"

"Come on, dogs," I said. "Let's go!" I was not frightened anymore. This was it and we had to make it.

At the end of Fourth we turned onto Cordova Street. There were people on both sides of this street, too. Occasionally one of the dogs glanced at the crowd, but the team kept going straight ahead. There was a mob at the end of Cordova where the street stops at a hill that is virtually straight down. This was a disaster spot we had been unable to rehearse in advance. On a steep hill it is necessary to brake the sled to keep it from moving faster than the dogs. Cordova Hill, the longest, steepest hill on the trail, is paved, so that even with a thin packing of snow the brake is virtually useless. Dragging my foot to slow the sled, I bent low and prayed. We made it.

From that point on, we had run every inch of the trail before. Now it was strictly a matter of playing it safe. With my bad leg, I knew I would have trouble getting up if I fell. All along the way I kept telling myself: "Take it easy. Don't push your luck. A couple of minutes saved won't count if you drop out. It's finishing that matters."

One by one the other racers passed me as I plodded along at my uninspiring pace. Each called encouragement: "Good pass!" "You're doing great!" "Keep at it, girl!" After the brief disturbance of the previous weekend, I felt especially sensitive about trespassing on their sport. I realized now that I needn't have worried. They had accepted me in their ranks as a fellow musher. Before the race big, handsome Gareth Wright of Fairbanks had taken time to explain some of the techniques that had helped him win three world championships. Others—Bergman Sam, Bob Arweson, Billy Sullivan, Clarence Charlie, Mike Prince, to name a few—welcomed me with warmth and enthusiasm.

The crowds were wonderful. All along the way people bobbed up from behind trees and mounds of snow, at crossings and trail intersections, to cheer me on, to let me know that they really wanted me to finish. And then I was at Cordova Hill again, this time huffing and puffing as I ran up it, pushing the sled ahead of me. We were back on the street, turning the corner onto Fourth, in the home-stretch. The crowds were cheering and applauding.

My time for the first day was 2 hours, 23 minutes, 23 seconds. The winning time, made by 22-year-old Joe Redington Jr. of Flatbush Lake, Alaska, who was racing for the U.S. Army, was 1:37:33, with three other teams less than one minute behind him. Earl had run the first leg in 1:41:44, putting him near the front of the field. My time was slowest for the day, but I was not, it turned out, in last place. One man had been disqualified when his dogs bolted into the crowd only two blocks beyond the starting line, and two more teams had dropped out later on.

There were even more spectators the second day. Throughout the race they kept me posted on where the other teams were. All were ahead of me, and for the entire time I was on the trail I never saw one of them. But as I turned onto Fourth Avenue, the crowd roared and there in the distance I saw another team. I blinked in disbelief. Then I shouted, "Come on, Tricky. Let's catch them!"

Suddenly I was no longer tired. I pumped and pedaled furiously behind the sled. I blew my whistle and the dogs quickened their pace. Now we were gaining on the team ahead, and all along the avenue the people were shouting and screaming as we raced toward the finish line. The other team went over the line a fraction before we did, but we had beaten them in time by six full minutes. To me it seemed an overwhelming victory.

I had now made two runs—50 miles of the course—and so far I had had fantastic good fortune. Several mushers, including Earl, had not been so lucky. One team had bolted into the crowd only 50 feet from the finish line, the ultimate frustration after running the whole trail. Earl's tug line had broken midway, and in trying to fix it he had been dragged under the sled, had hurt his shoulder and briefly lost the dogs. By the time he recovered them the accident had dropped him to 10th place. Several mushers had dogs go lame or become unmanageable, and finished by carrying them in on their sleds. Of 22 starters in the first heat, only 16 were left as we went into the final day. It was almost too much to hope that my luck would hold.

Miraculously it did. Everything went right. The dogs were superb. They did not make a single mistake, running with heart, stamina and spirit. Throughout the final race the crowds were enormous. They jammed every crossing and corner on the return stretch. As I approached the finish I realized with surprise that they must all be waiting for me, since there were no other teams left on the course. As we went by, cheers went up. Hundreds of people were calling my name. They were shouting, "You did it! You made it! Bravo!" At the top of Cordova Hill the applause was thunderous. I remember saying, "Thank you, thank you, thank you."

In the city, people were hanging out of windows, standing on roofs and cars, congregated on every corner. The applause was one continuous rumble all the way down Cordova and onto Fourth. As I went over the finish line I was soaking wet and grinning from ear to ear.

People seemed to overflow into the street from all sides. They completely engulfed me, patting me on the back, shaking my hands, shouting congratulations. Someone thrust a dozen roses in my arms. Someone else handed me a glass of champagne. I was officially presented with a lantern to symbolize having finished last and with a bronze plaque for having finished at all. "Who's the new world champion?" I shouted over the mob. "Joe Redington," someone called back, "but you're the No. 1 lady musher."

Earl came up and kissed me on the cheek. He tried to guide me through the crowd, but it seemed to move along with us. It was almost half an hour before the solid wall of people began to thin. Then a small, very old Eskimo touched my arm. He pointed to the ivory whistle around my neck that he had carved for me.

"Beck, Beck," he said. "You good girl. You run good race. Beck proud." It was the finest moment of all. **END**



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—**NBA.** PHILADELPHIA (41-41) won three straight games to push its victory lead in the Eastern Division to 9½ games. One of the 20th-century's best 100-0 wins over the Celtics in Boston, the first time in three games that Philadelphia has won on the Celtics' home court this season. **PACIFIC** BOSTON (10-12) took an two-game lead against NEW YORK (24-23), far behind in third place, split four games a year of the West. In a 121-118 victory over the Lakers, the Knicks pulled after being behind 41-44 in the first quarter, and in a 116-117 win over the Warriors. Dick Van Arsdale held Rick Barry, the league's leading scorer, to his lowest point total of the season—33. With Coach Robertson moving in 125 points, **CHICAGO** (18-21) won four games to take its winning streak to five, longest of the season for the star-studded Royals. **BALTIMORE** (26-34) finally snapped an 11-game losing streak with a 115-116 victory over the Hawks at Drexel. Old scored 41 points, but the Bulls lost the three other games they played. **Western Division** leader SAN FRANCISCO (29-17), held its 10½-game lead over ST. LOUIS (19-24) when both teams dropped three of five. In the Warriors' two victories, Barry scored 30 and 41 points, but his 46 against the Hawks was not enough as St. Louis defeated San Francisco 114-117 on Len Wilkes' bucket with three seconds to go. **L.A. ANGELS** (18-27) won only two of five games, but the Lakers and DETROIT (18-27), losers of three out of four, got third place by beating the Pistons 121-116. **Louis** place **CHICAGO** (15-30), only a game out of third, won two of five.

Earlier in the week, the league held its 17th annual All-Star Game and the WNBA held the East 125-129 in Miami, the game's most valuable player, scored 38 points. The West's victory broke a four-game losing streak and was only the 10th in the series for the West.

CONCLUSIONS—**JIM ST. JOHN** of San Jose, Calif., won his seventh straight bowling championship by defeating Bob Kuylen of Long Beach, Calif., 4-0 in the final of the PBA 250,000 Western Open.

FOOTBALL—**Bert Starr**, the most valuable player of the game, completed 16 of 22 passes for 200 yards and two TDs to lead GREEN BAY to a 35-10 win over Kansas City in the first Super Bowl (page 8).

GOLF—**BOB GOALBY** of Bellevue, Ill., with a 280, defeated Gay Brewer by one stroke to win the \$50,000 San Diego Open (page 35).

HOCKEY—**NHL.** NEW YORK (22-12-7) triple-dipped two points ahead of CHICAGO (23-11-5), but by week's end the two teams were once again

locked in a five-point tie. The Rangers won three of four games with two of their victories by 2-0. Goosen, the league's leading goaler, who tied his total with Bobby Holm, continued his goal-scoring spree, setting one in four games in the Black Hawks took three of five. In a 6-1 victory over the Red Wings, Hall performed the trick for the 18th time in his career. **TORONTO** (12-12-8), that dropped five points behind by splitting four games, and **MONTREAL** (16-16-4), lost further back with only one win in four games. **Detroit** (13-23-3) walked away with the most points in the first round, won two and lost three, while Boston (22-7-7), which split four, broke an eight-game winless streak by beating the Black Hawks 3-1.

HORSE RACING—“He always does it the hard way,” said Trainer Eddie Neely after the 1968 Horse of the Year, **BUCKPASSER** (52-60), broke his 4-year-old in the 1¼-mile, \$26,500 San Fernando Stakes at Santa Anita by 1½ lengths over First Heat. The victory, Buckpasser's fifth straight, was worth \$34,050, raising his lifetime total to \$1,271,224 and making him the fourth richest winner in Thoroughbred history.

Bidding for the retired Johnny Longden's record as the oldest winning jockey, **BILL SPOCK** (MAK-88), about 64 (199-20), scored his 5,500th win at Santa Anita, then later in the day brought home Shetburn (52-80), to raise another race closer to Longden's mark of 6,032 winning mounts.

SKING—Emulating their placings in the world championships last August, France's **JEAN-CLAUDE KILLY** and **Lisa Loefer** finished one-two in the Landerholm and Landerholm in Whistler, Switzerland with times of 3:39.76 and 3:37.65. Next day Killy took the slalom, finishing 1:11 seconds ahead of runner-up Hans Messner of Austria. The victory earned Killy's total points for the World Cup competition in 104, a 45-point margin over Messner and 50 more than Loefer's in third place.

In the final event of the ladies' international races at Grindelwald, Switzerland, **NANCY GREENE**, a 23-year-old student from Black College, won the downhill, finishing 1.47 seconds ahead of France's Isabelle Mig. The victory, Miss Greene's fourth in five World Cup events in six years, was her 100-point and a 40-point lead over Anne Fournier of France in the cup competition. Earlier Miss Greene won the giant slalom by beating Miss Fournier. But in the slalom she was disqualified for a gate error, and Miss Fournier took the event by the slalom margin of 32 seconds over Britain's Glyn Hafnom.

TRACK & FIELD—**RALPH BOSTON** completed an unusual double-double by winning the 60-yard high hurdles and the broad jump in the Lakeland Triathlon Games and the Atlanta Invitational in Oaklawn on consecutive nights. At the Massachusetts Knapton of Columbus College in Boston, **RAY V. CRIVELLO**, an 18-year-old high school junior from Melba, N.J., took the 30-yard dash in 2 seconds, only 1 second off the world indoor mark.

MLB REPORTS—**APPOINTED** To succeed Harry Canner as head coach of the Detroit Tigers, **JOE SCHMIDT**, 33, who played 13 years with the club (1953-65) and led the Tigers to three Western Conference championships at Boston, **RAY V. CRIVELLO**, an 18-year-old high school junior from Melba, N.J., took the 30-yard dash in 2 seconds, only 1 second off the world indoor mark.

APPOINTED **JOHN MCMALE**, the 48-year-old president and general manager of the Atlanta Braves who just as a player in the age of 37 became his “couldn’t be curve ball,” to succeed Lee MacPhail as Administrator of Baseball and right-hand man to Commissioner William D. Eckert.

HIRED As athletic director and head football coach of Mississippi State, **CHARLES N. SMITH**, 46, an SEC assistant who was first assistant to Texas Coach Darrell Royal for 10 years.

AWARDED By the NBA, a \$1.75 million franchise to **SAN DIEGO**, making the NBA a 12-team league in the 1967-68 season. The San Diego franchise was to Robert Marshall and Associates, owners of the Western Hockey League's Gulls and the International Sports Arena. The other new franchise, which was granted to Seattle a few weeks earlier, will be owned by Eugene V. Klein and Samuel Schweitzer, principal owners of the AFL San Diego Chargers.

SHOWN By **ARON FRED STOLL**, 28, named the world's No. 1 amateur tennis player and the 1966 U.S. champion, a professional contract.

TRADED In a straight player deal by the Houston Oilers, **Defton** Tackle **SCOTT APPLETON**, 24, All-America and Lineman of the Year in 1963 who signed a \$104,000 contract when he joined the Oilers, and Linebacker **JOHN McKEE**, 24, who won the Eastern Conference and the Mississippi State in 1962, to the San Diego Chargers for **MILLER FARR JR.**, a two-year AFL center.

DIED **CHARLEY GELBERT**, 46, a former major league shortstop (1929-49) and baseball coach at Lafayette College for 25 years of a heart attack in Boston, Pa.

CRIBBS

10, 11—James Brown, 12, 13—James Brown, Jr. 14—Neil Young 15—Neil Young, Walter Brennan, Walt Brown, Jr., James Brown, 16—Walter Brennan, Jr. 17—Neil Young, 18—Neil Young, 19—Neil Young, 20—Neil Young, 21—Neil Young, 22—Neil Young, 23—Neil Young, 24—Neil Young, 25—Neil Young, 26—Neil Young, 27—Neil Young, 28—Neil Young, 29—Neil Young, 30—Neil Young, 31—Neil Young, 32—Neil Young, 33—Neil Young, 34—Neil Young, 35—Neil Young, 36—Neil Young, 37—Neil Young, 38—Neil Young, 39—Neil Young, 40—Neil Young, 41—Neil Young, 42—Neil Young, 43—Neil Young, 44—Neil Young, 45—Neil Young, 46—Neil Young, 47—Neil Young, 48—Neil Young, 49—Neil Young, 50—Neil Young, 51—Neil Young, 52—Neil Young, 53—Neil Young, 54—Neil Young, 55—Neil Young, 56—Neil Young, 57—Neil Young, 58—Neil Young, 59—Neil Young, 60—Neil Young, 61—Neil Young, 62—Neil Young, 63—Neil Young, 64—Neil Young, 65—Neil Young, 66—Neil Young, 67—Neil Young, 68—Neil Young, 69—Neil Young, 70—Neil Young, 71—Neil Young, 72—Neil Young, 73—Neil Young, 74—Neil Young, 75—Neil Young, 76—Neil Young, 77—Neil Young, 78—Neil Young, 79—Neil Young, 80—Neil Young, 81—Neil Young, 82—Neil Young, 83—Neil Young, 84—Neil Young, 85—Neil Young, 86—Neil Young, 87—Neil Young, 88—Neil Young, 89—Neil Young, 90—Neil Young, 91—Neil Young, 92—Neil Young, 93—Neil Young, 94—Neil Young, 95—Neil Young, 96—Neil Young, 97—Neil Young, 98—Neil Young, 99—Neil Young, 100—Neil Young.

FACES IN THE CROWD



MELISSA LEIB, a 19th grader from Glen Head, N.Y., riding her mother's hunter jumper, **Valliant Hawk**, finished first in classes for green working hunters, green conformation hunters and advanced horsemanship at the Mid-Winter Horse Show in Pinchard, N.C.



BRUCE CENFIELD, JR., a senior at Rosbury (N.J.) High School and holder of the 106-pound state wrestling title, won that class at the Dover holiday tournament, giving him three straight midseason championships. He is 35-7 in four years of varsity wrestling.



JIM SIMONS, 16, the Pennsylvania state high school golf champion from Butler who as a scratch player, shot a tournament record 69-72-141, one under par, to win the Deane Bowl International Junior Golf match at the Billmore golf course in Coral Gables, Fla.



JIM MCDANIELS, a 7-foot senior who is Tennessee's best big man playing scholastic basketball in Kentucky, led his Allen County High School team to 14 straight victories by averaging 42.3 points per game. His high game scores were 32 and 30 points.



ERNE GAHAN, 40, a mechanic from Dover, N.H., who won the 1963 Naughton Award, was named national champion in NASCAR's Modified Division with 6,560 points after a season-long duel with Ray Hendrick of Richmond, who dropped to third after the final race.



ALLEN MORRISON, 34, a Marine lieutenant at Quantico, broke 100 straight targets and 75 more in a row in a shoot-off to win the Pinhurst (N.C.) Gun Club's 12-Gauge Skeet Championship. He then took the 28-gauge tin a shoot-off and two-min team titles.

Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE SOUTHWEST 1. HOUSTON (14-1) 2. TEXAS WESTERN (11-2) 3. SMU (9-4)

Things were normal in the Southwest Conference. SMU, the favorite, was upset by TEXAS 82-73 in Austin, and now TCU, which had lost eight of its first 10 games, is in first place. The way to beat SMU, reasoned Texas Coach Hal Bradley, was to hold down Charlie Beasley. So, while Noel Stout, playing Beasley nose to nose, kept him outside—and relatively harmless—Billy Arnold pitched in 11 field goals. Stout himself scored 17 points, and that did it. TCU, meanwhile, came from behind to beat TEXAS A&M 67-64. "It's been nine years since this old man won a close one like that," said Coach Buster Brannon happily. SMU recovered to beat Rice 84-76 for a second-place tie with Texas, a 70-48 winner over Texas Tech.

What kind of a week was it for poor West Texas State? Well, the Buffaloes were leading TEXAS WESTERN 63-60 with 9:15 to go when little Willie Worley, who drove and shot for 34 points, led the Miners on a 15-point tear to win 85-73. West Texas' next experience was even more shattering. HOUSTON'S Elvin (Hayes), Melvin (Bell) and the Duck (Don Chaney) were at their intimidating best against the Buffs. They smothered them on the boards—Hayes had 24 points, Bell 19 and Chaney 16—and the Cougars won 102-72.

THE WEST 1. UCLA (12-0) 2. SEATTLE (11-2) 3. PACIFIC (12-3)

The legend is building on the West Coast. Lew Alcindor is even better than anyone thought, but he is not all there is to UCLA. Lucas Allen, with his quick moves and drives, has been tremendous and if you give Mike Warren and Lynn Shackleford an inch they will shoot you out of sight. Washington fouled Alcindor out of the game (after he scored 28 points), but Shackleford got 16, Allen 14, Warren 12 and the Bruins won 83-68. Californians tried to muscle Alcindor ("They were very physical inside," he said later), and for a while it worked. UCLA led only 45-42 at half time. Then Lewie got mad. In less than a minute he jammed in seven points—he got 26 in all—and Cal went down 96-78. The next night the Bruins buried Stanford 116-78. Allen scored 24 points, and Alcindor made 37 in 28 minutes. "That man just makes you nerv-

ous," complained Stanford's Howie Dallmar.

New Mexico had won six straight going into Laramie, and the Lobos never dreamed that Wyoming, which had dropped five in a row, would even give them a game. But sophomore Ken Collins, a 6'6" stringbean, screened New Mexico's 6'9" Mel Daniels away from the basket. Bob Wilson scored 24 points, and the Cowboys won 86-76. That was not the end of New Mexico's troubles, either. DENVER stopped them with a frustrating zone, and Harry Hoflins threw in 28 points to win for the Pioneers 71-66.

ARIZONA got a standoff with its Utah visitors, losing to ARIZONA YOUNG 77-64 and beating Utah 74-70, but Arizona State had worse luck. UTAH took the Devils 84-71 and then BYU, with 6'11" Craig Raymond sweeping the boards, beat them 78-74 in overtime. "My boys played a fine game," said ASU's Ned Wulk. "Trouble is they were up against men."

PACIFIC was off to an early lead in the WCAC. The Tigers outlasted San Francisco 70-69 and routed Santa Clara 102-82. UTAH STATE outran Creighton 124-96, while SEATTLE pounded Portland 92-71. But COLORADO STATE, after a 56-52 win over Denver, lost to WYOMING 75-72 in overtime.

THE EAST 1. PRINCETON (13-1) 2. NOTION COLLEGE (10-1) 3. ST. JOHN'S (11-1)

Almost anything is likely to happen when St. John's and St. Joseph's get together. Last week in Philadelphia's noisy Palestra, some St. John's partisans were thrown out for fighting, two overzealous Hawks were ejected for "flagrant, deliberate" fouls, and St. Joe's rooters showed their dissatisfaction by tossing debris on the court. But the Red-men never lost their cool. They broke the Hawks' press and Sonny Dove and Rudy Bogod scattered their multiple zone defenses with 24 and 19 points, respectively. Cliff Anderson got 32 for St. Joe's, but St. John's won easily 98-85. Then came the final taunt from St. John's fans: "The Hawk is bush!"

Three nights later St. John's—and especially the strange Dove, who scored 35 points—looked even more impressive while whipping St. Francis (N.Y.) 95-71, but St. Joseph's, even with Anderson getting 33, had to struggle to take Seton Hall 85-81.

BOSTON COLLEGE, faced with a slowdown by little Northeastern, outlasted the stubborn Huskies 54-47. The Eagles, with sophomores Terry Driscoll and Billy Evans lead-

ing the way, got back to running and gunning in a 93-66 victory over Duquesne. PRINCETON'S Jimmy Walker (page 18) was merely superb, scoring 22 and 19 points as the Friars beat Ogleshorpe 76-57 and Duquesne 54-47. SYRACUSE, after edging Cornell 66-63 on Rick Dean's late basket, really rolled against La Salle. Dean scored 34, and the Orange won 102-81.

CANISUS, riding on a cloud after beating Niagara 90-76 in the first game between the two teams in 10 years, was brought up short by tiny FAIRFIELD 80-77. Temple and Georgetown were surprised, too. VILLANOVA outthumbed the Owls 69-64, while MANHATTAN broke Georgetown's six-game streak, 76-70. The biggest shocker, though, WAS AMERICAN U.'S 94-90 win over La Salle.

PRINCETON was just too much for its fellow Ivy Leaguers. The smooth Tigers walked Harvard 90-46 and then set two records—for scoring and rebounds (90)—while bombing Dartmouth 116-42.

THE MIDWEST 1. LOUISVILLE (14-1) 2. KANSAS (11-2) 3. CINCINNATI (11-2)

Unbeaten Louisville might have guessed it would be in for trouble in Carbondale. SOUTHERN ILLINOIS, the nation's No. 1 small-college team, had beaten Texas Western and earned the Cards into double overtime before losing in Louisville last month. Sure enough, the disciplined Saluks shut off Louisville's fast break with a deliberate game. Sophomore Dick Garrett scored 18 points, but it was Walt Frazer's five foul shots in the final moments that resulted in the Cards' first loss, 53-50. LOUISVILLE, however, hung onto the Missouri Valley lead when sophomore Butch Beard threw in 41 points in a 103-74 whumping of Bradley.

But the MVC had a nice CINCINNATI, after licking independent Dayton 62-49, defeated St. Louis 72-58 and was tied for second with Wichita State and Tulsa. There was even some glory for NORTH TEXAS STATE after 20 straight conference losses. The Big Eagles shocked Wichita State 80-68 before losing to Tulsa 65-59. "That's a tough ball club," said Tulsa's Joe Swank admiringly. "They zoned us and sagged those big bulls of theirs all over us."

MICHIGAN STATE'S John Berenson changed strategy when Lee LaFayette, his fine sophomore forward, kept missing shots against Iowa. He moved LaFayette to center and Lee promptly led the rally that gave the Spartans a 79-70 victory and a tie with NORTHWESTERN for first in the Big Ten. The Wildcats had outrun Illinois 104-96 earlier in the week. KANSAS, with Jo Jo White harassing Missouri's Ron Coleman, tumbled the Tigers 70-60 to take the Big Eight lead. KANSAS STATE got back in the running by beating Missouri 75-65 and Iowa State 73-72 in overtime. COLORADO beat Iowa

State 64-52 but then lost to NEBRASKA 84-80. While unbeaten Toledo (9-0) took an exam break, WESTERN MICHIGAN and MIAMI OF OHIO gained ground in the Mid-American. Western downed independent Loyola of Chicago 73-68, then clubbed Kent State 100-71, while Miami handed Bowling Green its third league loss, 70-62. Among the independents, DAYTON routed Detroit 94-75, and MARQUETTE rolled over Xavier 87-69.

THE SOUTH 1. NORTH CAROLINA (12-1) 2. FLORIDA (11-1) 3. VANDERBILT (12-2)

A rhubarb a week seems to be the style in the ACC these days. NORTH CAROLINA, down by as much as eight points in the second half, had just beaten North Carolina State 79-78 on 25 points by Bob Lewis and 20 by Rusty Clark when all hell broke loose in Chapel Hill. Players traded punches and spectators came out of the stands swinging. Carolina's Dean Smith was appalled by it all, but he also was shaken by his team's third straight close call. Smith welcomed a 16-day break for exams. "Maybe now we can collect our wits," he said hopefully.

DUKE, with all its playboys back in Coach Vic Bubas' good graces, was looking better. The Blue Devils routed Clemson 85-61 and then surged from behind to edge Maryland 72-69 in overtime when Bob Verga hit two quick baskets, fed Mike Lewis for another, and Ron Wendelin threw in three free throws. Invited Bubas. "We're strong enough to win the title again."

Kentucky superiority was rapidly becoming just a memory in the SEC. FLORIDA, after a neat 78-63 win over Mississippi, blitzed the helpless Wildcats with a scrambling zone, overpowered them off the boards and won 89-72 as 6'9" Gary Keller and David Miller each shot in 23 points. The win gave the tall Gators first place, but VANDERBILT and MISSISSIPPI STATE were only half a game behind. Vandy penetrated Tennessee's 1-3-1 zone with some slick ball-handling in a 65-59 victory. Then the Commodores took Mississippi 78-70 in double overtime. Mississippi State, however, had a couple of squeakers. The Bulldogs edged Auburn 59-55 in overtime and barely beat Delta State 68-65.

DAVIDSON ended The Citadel's short reign as the Southern Conference leader, beating the Bulldogs 76-72, and then FURMAN bumped them again 85-68. But Davidson lost to VIRGINIA TECH 74-68, while West Virginia, back in first place, was upset by MARLYNDA 82-81 in a nonleague game.

WESTERN KENTUCKY worried past East Tennessee 63-61, but the Hilltoppers drubbed Eastern Kentucky 116-71 in the Smith Brothers. Greg and Dwight, scored 43 points. LOYOLA OF New Orleans outscored Oklahoma City 83-76, while MISSISSIPPI STATE defeated Southern Mississippi 65-52 but lost to TULSA 54-43.

END

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

IN THE POCKET

Sirs:

Bob Ottum's article, *Wimpy Has a Sleeping Beauty* (Jan. 9), captures the deep excitement of pocket billiards as no one else has ever done. Thanks for bringing your readers this kind of reporting on sports and events that need and deserve greater understanding.

STANLEY R. MARCH

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

The game of pool has never turned me on, but Bob Ottum's description of Luther Lassiter's and Cacerio Murphy's tense world-championship match made me an excited member of the "gallery" at the Golden Q.

PAUL B. GREEN

Bay City, Mich.

DOGPATCH

Sirs:

As a student at Southern Illinois University, I would like to take issue with your classification of SIU as a school "that may be known in Dogpatch, Ky. but nowhere else" (*A Win over Northern Cookin'*, Jan. 9). You mentioned that Louisville beat us by four points. This is true, but you failed to mention the double overtime. On January 11 we had a return match, this time on our home court. It was Louisville's first defeat of the season.

STEVE HANCE

Carbondale, Ill.

Sirs:

In basketball Southern Illinois has beaten St. Louis U., Texas Western and Louisville. The rest of the sports program is even more spectacular. Our gymnastics team has won national championships in both men's and women's divisions, and our baseball team last year moved up to the NCAA university-division tournament.

Please, give us just a little article.

CHUCK POLLACK

Brooklyn

DETOUR

Sirs:

Congratulations on the article *Cops, Dogs and Snowmobilers Without Snow* (Jan. 9) by Frank Sleeper. James Langley and Clark Dohlin are typical of our rugged and venturesome Minnesota outdoorsmen.

However, in the interest of truth, may I point out that former Governor Karl F. Rolvaag did not ask the two snowmobilers to make a detour so that "he could be photographed having coffee with them." Governor Rolvaag word Dohlin and Langley in Oregon before the start of the trip, offering his best wishes for their success and suggest-

ing that, if they were in the vicinity of the State Capitol in St. Paul, they might stop in so that he could express his feelings in person. Since Governor Rolvaag had already been defeated in the November election, he was not attempting personal puffery. Governor Rolvaag was the greatest outdoorsman of any chief executive of the State of Minnesota has ever had. In fact, when Langley and Dohlin arrived at the State Capitol, the Governor promptly hopped on one of the snowmobiles and raced it around the snow-covered Capitol lawn.

BRENDAN J. CONNELLY

St. Paul

FOCAL POINTS

Sirs:

Congratulations on some of the finest photography I have ever seen. Your cameramen always seem to know when a big play is going to pop up. My favorite picture had always been that of Notre Dame's Jim Lynch landing on his head in the November 28 issue of SI. However, the January 9 photograph of Boyd Dowler flying through the air is running a strong second.

Now I am anxiously waiting for some color pictures of the world's fastest sport—hockey—and the world's best hockey team, the New York Rangers.

MICHAEL LEWIS

Brooklyn

HORSE SENSE

Sirs:

Your Scorecard item (Jan. 2) stating that the equestrian events of the 1968 Olympic Games would be held at Oxtotpec, Mexico because of the lower altitude is quite misleading. There will be four equestrian events in the 1968 Games—grand dressage, individual jumping, team jumping, and the three-day event. The first three listed above will be held in Mexico City, with the team jumping to be held in the Olympic Stadium on the closing day, as usual. Competent veterinary authorities believe that in the dressage, which is executed at no more than a fast canter and lasts about nine minutes, and in the jumping, where the horse is required to cover a course of approximately 1,100 yards at a speed of 15 mph, the effect of the altitude on the animals will not be severe.

However, in the three-day event, where the horse is required to cover between 20 and 25 miles at speeds varying between time and 22 mph, it is felt that the horses might be driven to the point of exhaustion and, possibly, death if this competition were held in Mexico City. Consequently, the three-day event has been transferred, with the consent of the Organizing Committee of the Olympic Games, to Oxtotpec.

I hope you will insert this correction for the benefit of those who wish to see the equestrian events at the Games.

WALTER B. DIVERSEK
Secretary, American Horse
Shows Association, Inc.

New York City

BORDER LINE

Sirs:

Re Mark Mulvey's article on Cornell Hockey Coach Ned Harkness (*Passion by the Ivy League*, Jan. 2), perhaps the greatest rap that we American Fivers have against Harkness and others of the same school of thinking is not their ability to win games with imported Canadian talent, but their total disregard of the development of American players for the U.S. national and Olympic hockey teams.

Our national teams rely heavily on the colleges for their player personnel. Since 1960, which saw the underdog U.S. team score an upset to win the Olympic gold medal, our efforts have rapidly deteriorated. Fortunately, American hockey can call on men like John Mariucci, former Minnesota coach, to guide this year's national and next year's Olympic teams. During his days at Minnesota, Coach Mariucci always followed an America First policy and sent a number of his players on to play important roles on some of the more successful U.S. teams.

The hockey potential of the U.S. is limitless. It's unfortunate that more college coaches don't have confidence in it.

CAPTAIN ROGER A. GODIN, USA

Camp Rind Bay, Vietnam

HUMANITARIAN

Sirs:

Congratulations on your fine article about Alex Hannum (*Sarge Takes Philly to the Top*, Jan. 2). As a partner of the San Francisco Warriors, I had the chance to appreciate Alex's talents as a coach. However, there is one side of Alex which you did not cover—Alex Hannum, the humanitarian.

Alex conceived the idea of holding a John Rudometkin Night once yearly at Los Angeles Lakers games, where former USC letterman pass the hat to help pay the expenses of Rudometkin, who has cancer and cannot play basketball or work. Not only did Alex conceive this idea, but he personally makes the appeal to the fans yearly and organizes the event with the Lakers and the USC lettermen. This is just one of the many things he does for others and for which he asks nothing, not even publicity, in return.

I personally would like to pay tribute to Alex Hannum, a man's man, a great friend.

JERRY MAGNIN

Los Angeles



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